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Youth of Famous Americans

By

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

Author of "Heroic Personalities," etc.



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THE AUTHOR'S WORD

It has been the object of the writer in preparing these sketches to deal only with the youth of the distinguished people whose biographies have been under search. With the great work of their lives this book has nothing to do. The author has sought only to put before the mind of the reader a comprehensive and entertaining picture of that peculiarly interesting period which precedes the great work of every successful career. It is the period when education is received, when original genius begins to manifest itself, and when character is being developed and crystallized in the preliminary struggles of life. Every available nook that might have information in it has been sought out, and in many cases a number of biographies have been consulted and compared. For one thing the author believes he deserves credit, in that he has absolutely resisted all temptations to point the moral, or preach the sermon, which these youthful struggles have often given him desire to do. The reader has before him the picture and the story, and must read into them his own lesson.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

New York City, April 24, 1902.



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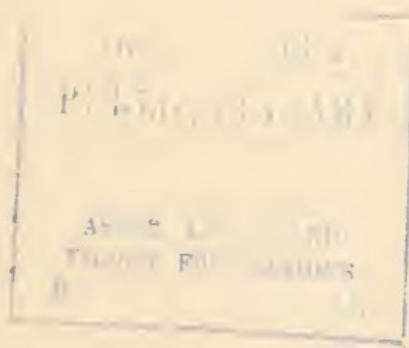
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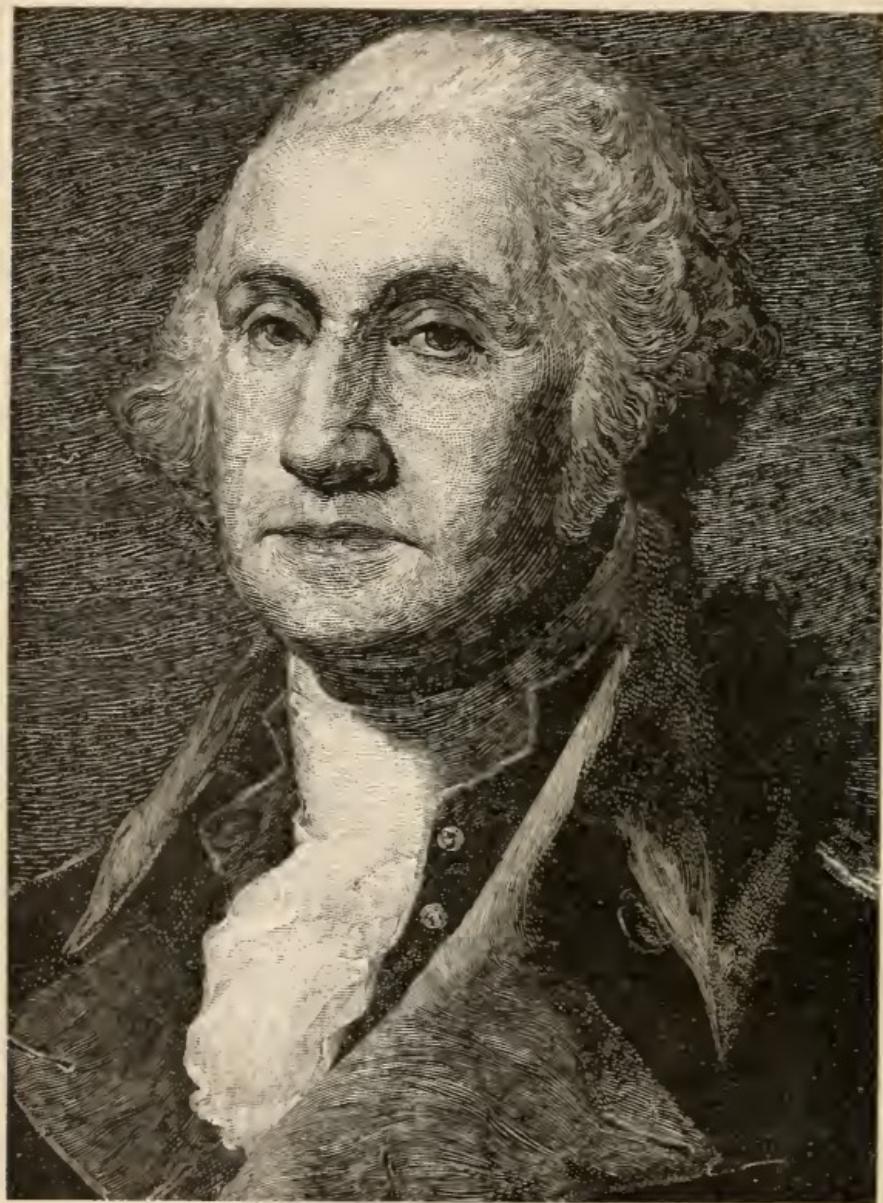
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GEORGE WASHINGTON

YOUTH OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

GEORGE WASHINGTON

AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON was the owner of large estates in Virginia, and removed to the one on the Rappahannock River but a short time before his son George, who was to give unfading glory to the name, was born. It was in the home on this estate that George Washington received his early training. He was not destined to be greatly indebted to schools and schoolmasters. His father was a great friend of education, and had sent his eldest son, Lawrence, to England to be educated, and purposed the same for George. But the father died before the younger boy was old enough to leave home on such a journey. George was now left to the guardianship of his mother. There has been so much debate among the biographers as to the merits of Mary Washington that one has to walk with careful feet. This much seems to have been true beyond

question, that she was a woman of good common sense, of simplicity of character, and abounded in the plain household virtues.

The instruction of Washington at home was good and pure. He was early taught the rudiments of learning, in what was then called a "field school," by a village schoolmaster who rejoiced in the name of Hobby. This man was one of his father's tenants, and joined the profession of schoolmaster with the more melancholy business of sexton. It is not probable that George learned very much in that school, as the old schoolmaster had a habit of getting drunk whenever one of his pupils had a birthday. But the teaching at home was of a better sort. In addition to the Scriptures, in which he was daily taught, he read and pondered Sir Matthew Hale's *Contemplations, Moral and Divine*—a great book which told the secret of a great man's worth and success. This very volume, out of which Washington was taught by his mother, is still preserved at Mount Vernon.

He was next intrusted to a Mr. Williams, whose school he attended from the home of his brother, and from whom he learned a knowledge of accounts, in which he was always skillful. He also studied under Williams geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, in which he became an adept, writing out his examples in the neatest and most careful man-

ner. All the school instruction which Washington ever received was thus completed before he was sixteen.

On leaving school young Washington appears to have taken up his residence with his brother at Mount Vernon, where he was introduced to new social influences of a liberal character in the family society of the Fairfaxes. Lawrence was married to a daughter of William Fairfax, a gentleman of much experience and adventure about the world, who resided at his neighboring seat, "Belvoir," on the Potomac, and superintended, as agent, the large landed operations of his cousin, Lord Fairfax. Surveys were to be made to keep possession of the lands and bring them into the market; and who so well adapted for this service as the youth who had made the science an object of special study? We consequently find him regularly retained in this service. His journal, at the age of sixteen, remains to tell us of the duties and adventures of the journey, as he traversed the outlying rough ways and passages of the South Branch of the Potomac. It is a short record of camp incidents and the progress of his surveys for a month in the wilderness, in the spring of 1748, the prelude, in its introduction to Indians and the exposures of camp life, to many rougher scenes of military service stretching westward from the region.

Three years were passed in expeditions of this nature, the young surveyor making his home in the intervals of duty mostly at Mount Vernon. The health of his brother, the owner of this place, to whom he was much attached, was now failing with consumption, and George accompanied him in one of his tours for health, in the autumn of 1751, to Barbados. As usual, he kept a journal of his observations, which tells us of the everyday living and hospitalities of the place, with a shrewd glance at its agricultural resources and the conduct of its governor. A few lines cover nearly a month of the visit; they record an attack of the smallpox, of which his countenance always bore some faint traces. Leaving his brother, partially recruited, to pursue his way to Bermuda, George returned in February to Virginia. The health of Lawrence, however, continued to decline, and in the ensuing summer he died at Mount Vernon. The estate was left to a daughter, who died in infancy, the property then passing, according to the terms of the will, into the possession of George, who thus became the owner of his memorable home.

Previous to this time rumors of imminent French and Indian aggressions on the frontier began to engage the attention of the colony, and preparations were making to beat back the threatened invasion. The province was divided into districts for enlistment and or-

ganization of the militia, over one of which George Washington was placed, with the rank of major. This was in 1751, when he was but nineteen years old, and was a mark of confidence scarcely justified by his youthful studies and experience, but in which his family influence, no doubt, had its full share. It was his habit to pay a good deal of attention to military exercises at Mount Vernon, and he had two friends, Adjutant Ware, a Virginian, and a Dutchman, Jacob Van Braam, who gave him lessons in fencing, and put him through other military evolutions. Both of these men had been military companions of his brother, Lawrence Washington, while in the West Indies.

In 1753, the year following his brother's death, the affairs on the frontier becoming pressing, Governor Dinwiddie stood in need of a clear-headed and resolute agent to bear a message to the French commander on the Ohio River, voicing the remonstrance of the English colonists against the advancing occupation of the territory. It was a most hazardous undertaking, as to reach the French post the messenger must cross a rough, mountainous wilderness occupied by savage and unfriendly Indians. There could have been no higher compliment paid to Washington than in his selection for the dangerous duty. Provided with instructions, he left Williamsburg, Va.,

on his important mission, on the last day of October, and by the middle of November reached the extreme frontier settlement at Will's Creek; thence, with his little party of eight, he pursued his way to the forks of the Ohio, where, with a military eye, he noted the advantageous position subsequently selected as the site of Fort Duquesne, and now the flourishing city of Pittsburg. He then held a council with the Indians at Logstown, and procured guides to the station of the French commandant, a hundred and twenty miles distant, in the vicinity of Lake Erie, which he reached on the 11th of December. An interview having been obtained, the message delivered, and an answer received, the most hazardous part of the expedition yet lay before the party in their return home. They were exposed to frozen streams, the winter storms, the perils of the wilderness, and Indian hostilities, at a time when Indian hostilities meant the quick use of the scalping-knife and the awful tortures of the stake. To hasten his homeward journey, Washington separated from the rest, with a single companion. His life was more than once in danger on the way. On one occasion an Indian took deliberate aim at him and fired at short range, but the gun missed fire. At another time, while crossing the Allegheny River during a stormy night, the raft was beset with ice, and for a while

it did not seem possible that either himself or his companion would ever reach land. Escaping these disasters, he reached Williamsburg on the 16th of January, and gave a most interesting report of his remarkable trip. It was at once published by the governor, and was speedily reprinted in London. From that day George Washington was a factor to be reckoned with when summing up American resources.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

IF when you are in Boston you will hunt up the old town register, and the ancient record books of the Old South Church, you will find that Benjamin Franklin was born on a Sunday in the year 1706. Boston was a good deal smaller then than it is now, and the Franklin family resided on Milk Street, directly opposite the Old South Church, and not more than sixty feet away from the church door. The father carried the newborn son across the street that same Sunday afternoon, and a certain Dr. Willard, pastor at the time, baptized him.

When the boy was five years old occurred the great fire of Boston, which laid the heart of the town in ruins, and, while no harm befell the home of the Franklins, it made a deep impression on the future philosopher's mind.

One incident of Franklin's childhood is familiar to all the world. "When I was a child of seven years old," he wrote, sixty-six years after the event, "my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of

another boy I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, '*Don't give too much for the whistle;*' and I saved my money."

As Franklin grew older he took to the water like a Newfoundland dog. He became an adept in the management of boats, and was the best swimmer around Boston Harbor. He had two feats of which he was specially proud. In a letter to one of his philosophic friends, late in life, he writes:

"When I was a boy I made two pallets, each about ten inches long and six broad, with a hole for the thumb in order to retain it fast in the palm of my hand; they much resembled a painter's palette; in swimming I pushed the edges of these forward, and I struck the water

with their flat surfaces as I drew them back. I remember I swam faster by means of these pallets, but they fatigued my wrists. I also fitted to the soles of my feet a kind of sandals; but I was not satisfied with them, because I observed that the stroke is partly given by the inside of the feet and ankles, and not entirely with the soles of the feet."

Young Franklin was a most devouring reader. The first book he ever owned was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with which he fell greatly in love, and almost completely absorbed both the matter and style. Then he sold his *Pilgrim's Progress* in order to buy Burton's *Historical Collections*, in forty little volumes, which were very famous in their day. These books contained history, travels, adventures, fiction, natural history, biography, and everything curious and marvelous which the compiler could discover.

Benjamin Franklin was brought up religiously. Regular attendance at the Old South Church was required of him and of all his brothers and sisters. There he once heard preach old Increase Mather, the father of Cotton Mather, and heard him in the course of his sermon refer to the death "of that wicked old persecutor of God's people, Louis XIV." There, too, he frequently heard Cotton Mather while he was in the vigor of his great powers. Josiah Franklin, father of young Benjamin, was too

good-humored and intelligent a man to be an ascetic or a bigot. While sincerely religious, his was a genial nature which lived on the sunshiny side of his religion. There is an anecdote of Franklin and his father, told by the grandson of Benjamin Franklin, which would indicate that Josiah and his children lived on easy terms with one another, and that, whatever may have occurred to others, the Franklin children did not find their young lives cramped or embittered by any exactions or terrors of the ancient Puritanism. The boy, we are told, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day, after the winter's provisions had been salted, Benjamin said to his father, "I think, father, if you were to say grace over the whole cask, once for all, it would be a vast saving of time."

Franklin spent a very happy boyhood, and his heart cherished Boston as long as he lived. When he was eighty-two years old he spoke of it as "that beloved place," which assures us that it was a happy and joyous boyhood which he remembered.

Benjamin was bound out as a printer in his brother's shop when he was twelve years old. He bound himself to serve his brother as an apprentice until he was twenty-one, a period of nine years, but during the last year he was to be allowed the wages of a journeyman.

There are some very striking statements in that old paper, which is still preserved. For instance, I find these sentences: "Taverns, inns, or alehouses he shall not haunt. At cards, dice, tables, or any other unlawful game he shall not play. Matrimony he shall not contract; nor from the service of his said master day nor night absent himself."

Benjamin liked his new occupation not too well, but it was better than cutting candle wicks and ladling melted grease, which seemed to be the only thing else open to him. He went at it with earnestness and pluck, determined to learn his business, and he soon became useful to his brother. His love of books grew with the years; and though Benjamin had no money to buy books he borrowed on every opportunity, and often sat up in his bedroom reading the greater part of the night, when the book borrowed in the evening had to be returned in the morning. One day a merchant of Boston, Matthew Adams, coming into the printing office, noticed him reading at an odd moment, took a fancy to him, and invited him to see his library, and lent him books.

In 1723 Benjamin Franklin quarreled with his brother, and feeling that he was cruelly treated, determined to run away. He went by sea. One day, when the sloop on which he had sailed was becalmed off Block Island, the sailors amused themselves by fishing for cod.

Benjamin, who still adhered to his vegetarian theory, regarded the taking of life for the sake of procuring food as murder. Fishing, in particular, was murder unprovoked; for no one could contend that these cod, which the sailors kept hauling up over the sloop's bulwarks and slapping down upon the deck, had wrought any harm to their captors. This argument, so long as the mere catching continued, seemed unanswerable; but when, by and by, the cod began to send forth a more alluring odor from the frying pan, the tempted vegetarian, who had formerly been extremely fond of fish, found it necessary to go over his reasoning again to see if there was not a flaw in it. He was so unhappy as not to be able to find one, and for some minutes there was a struggle between principle and inclination. It occurred to him, at length, that when the fish were opened he had seen smaller fish in their stomachs. "If you eat one another," said he to himself, "I don't see why we may not eat you." So he dined upon cod very heartily, and continued afterward to eat what other people ate. Telling the story later, he remarked, "So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has in mind to do."

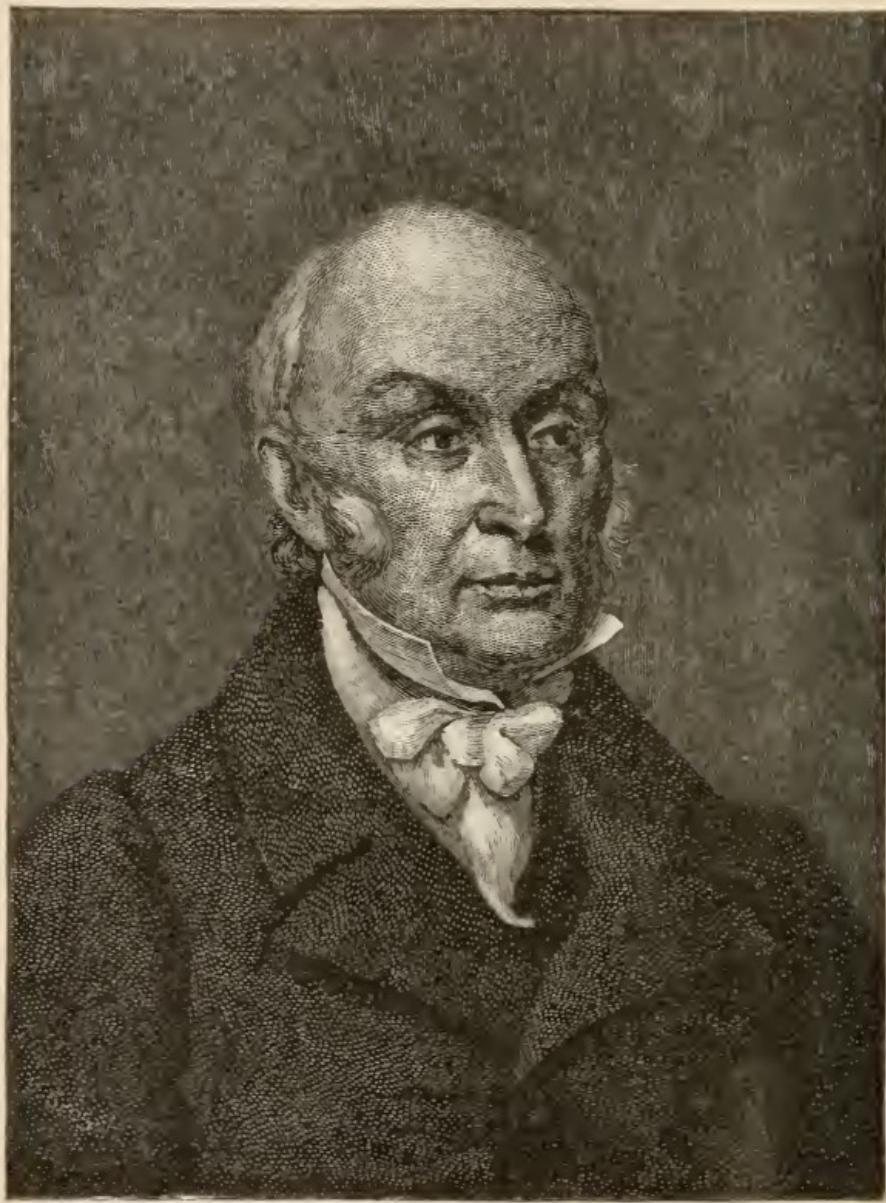
Not finding employment in New York, Benjamin footed it to within seventeen miles of

Philadelphia, when he was taken on board a boat by a friendly crew, and given a lift to the city. He arrived on Sunday. He knew no one in the city, and he had one silver dollar and a shilling in coppers. The boatmen refused to take anything for his passage, as he had helped them to row the boat; but he insisted on their taking all his copper coin. "A man," he remarks after relating this incident, "is sometimes more generous when he has a little money than when he has plenty—perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little."

As Benjamin walked up into the town, gazing about him, he met a boy with bread. He asked the boy where he had bought it, and went to the shop and asked for a threepenny loaf, but the baker had none. Then he asked for threepence worth of bread of any kind, and was surprised to receive three puffy rolls of a magnitude that seemed to him out of all proportion to the price. Having no room in his pockets, he walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating a third. As he went up Market Street he passed by the house of Mr. Read, whose blooming daughter, Deborah, a bright girl of eighteen, stood at the door wondering and smiling at his ridiculous appearance. Little did either dream then that Deborah Read was to be his future wife. The next day Franklin obtained employment in a printing office, and wrought steadily on toward a great career.

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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

THE youth of John Quincy Adams is very unique, and is certainly without a parallel in American history. Edward Everett, the famous orator, said that there was no such stage as that of boyhood in his life. His father, the great John Adams, was one of the most distinguished men of the New World, and there have been few women more worthy to bear great sons than his noble mother. Almost from his babyhood young John Quincy's mind seemed largely given up to literature and state affairs. Imagine a boy nine years old writing this letter to his father:

“BRAINTREE, June 2, 1777.

“DEAR SIR: I love to receive letters very well; much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition. My head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play, and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me a-studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have just entered the third volume of Rollin's *History*, but designed to have got half through with it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent.

Mr. Thaxter is absent at court. I have set myself a stint this week, to read the third volume half out. If I can but keep my resolution, I may again at the end of the week give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me in writing, some instructions with regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me, and endeavor to follow them.

“With the present determination of growing better, I am, dear sir,

“Your son,

“JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

“P. S.—Sir: If you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind.”

On the 13th of February, 1778, John Adams sailed for France as one of the commissioners from this country to secure French recognition, and he decided to take John Quincy, who, having been born in 1767, was then in his eleventh year, with him. Thus began an education the advantages of which were perhaps never afforded to any other American youth. On the eve of embarkation his father, writing home to his mother, adds this postscript: “Johnny sends his duty to his mamma, and his

love to his sisters and brothers. He behaves like a man." That last sentence, "He behaves like a man," seems to have been characteristic of him from his earliest years.

Young Adams and his father were abroad a year and a half, and during that period the future President attended a public school in Paris, while during his leisure hours he had the benefit of conversation with such men as John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and many other eminent and distinguished men by whom his father was surrounded. The improvement of the boy during his sojourn abroad is mentioned by John Adams in a letter home in words that would make any good boy's heart exult with pride. The father writes:

"My son has had a great opportunity to see this country, but this has unavoidably retarded his education in some other things. He has enjoyed perfect health from first to last, and is respected wherever he goes, for his vigor and vivacity, both of mind and body; for his constant good humor, and for his rapid progress in French, as well as in general knowledge, which, for his age, is uncommon."

John Adams had not been home long before Congress sent him as a minister to the court of St. James to insist on the independence of the United States, and John Quincy, now twelve years old, returned with him. The frigate on

which they sailed sprang a leak, and was obliged to put into the port nearest at hand, which proved to be Ferrol, in Spain. They disembarked on the 11th day of December, and traversed the intervening distance to Paris overland, a journey of a thousand miles. This journey was performed through the mountains on mules, and I have no doubt was a great joy to the young American lad.

In July, 1781, Francis Dana, who had attended John Adams as secretary of legation, was appointed minister to Russia. John Quincy Adams, then fourteen years old, was appointed private secretary of this mission. He remained at this post fourteen months, performing its duties with entire satisfaction to the American minister. The singular ripeness of the youthful secretary was shown in his traveling alone, on his return from St. Petersburg, by a journey leisurely made and filled with observations of Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and Bremen. On arriving in Holland he resumed his studies at The Hague. In 1783, when John Quincy was now nearly sixteen, his father, writing home to the mother, says of him: "Our son is at The Hague, pursuing his studies with great ardor. They give him a good character wherever he has been, and I hope he will make a good man."

After concluding the treaty of peace John Adams, together with Franklin and Jay, was

charged with the duty of negotiating a treaty of commerce with Great Britain, and John Adams, taking his son John Quincy with him, proceeded to London, and took up his residence at the British court. In June, 1784, heart-weary with the long absence, Mrs. Adams embarked for England to join her husband and son. It must have been a happy meeting, for they were greatly devoted to each other.

The next year, in 1785, John Quincy Adams became fearful that the full duties of manhood would devolve upon him without his having completed the necessary academic studies. He therefore obtained leave to return home, at the age of eighteen years, and entered Cambridge University, known to us now as Harvard, at an advanced standing in 1786. He graduated in 1788 with high honors.

After his graduation from college young Adams settled down to study and practice law. Then ensued several years of humdrum waiting, which was by no means pleasant to the young man. In his diary are found some paragraphs written May 16, 1792, which are very significant :

“I am not satisfied with the manner in which I employ my time. It is calculated to keep me forever fixed in that state of useless and disgraceful insignificance which has been my lot for some years past. At an age bearing close upon twenty-five, when many of the characters

who were born for the benefit of their fellow-creatures have rendered themselves conspicuous among their contemporaries, and founded a reputation upon which their memory remains, and will continue to the latest posterity—at that period I still find myself as obscure, as unknown to the world, as the most indolent or the most stupid of human beings. In the walks of active life I have done nothing. Fortune, indeed, who claims to herself a large proportion of the merit which exhibits to public view the talents of professional men at an early period of their lives, has not hitherto been peculiarly indulgent to me. But if to my own mind I inquire whether I should, at this time, be qualified to receive and derive any benefit which it may be in her power to procure for me, my own mind would shrink from the investigation. My heart is not conscious of an unworthy ambition, nor of a desire to establish either fame or honor or fortune upon any other foundation than that of desert, but it is conscious—and the consideration is equally painful and humiliating—it is conscious that the ambition is constant and unceasing, while the exertions to acquire the talents which ought alone to secure the reward of ambition are feeble, indolent, frequently interrupted, and never pursued with an ardor equivalent to its purposes. My future fortunes in life are, therefore, the objects of my present specula-

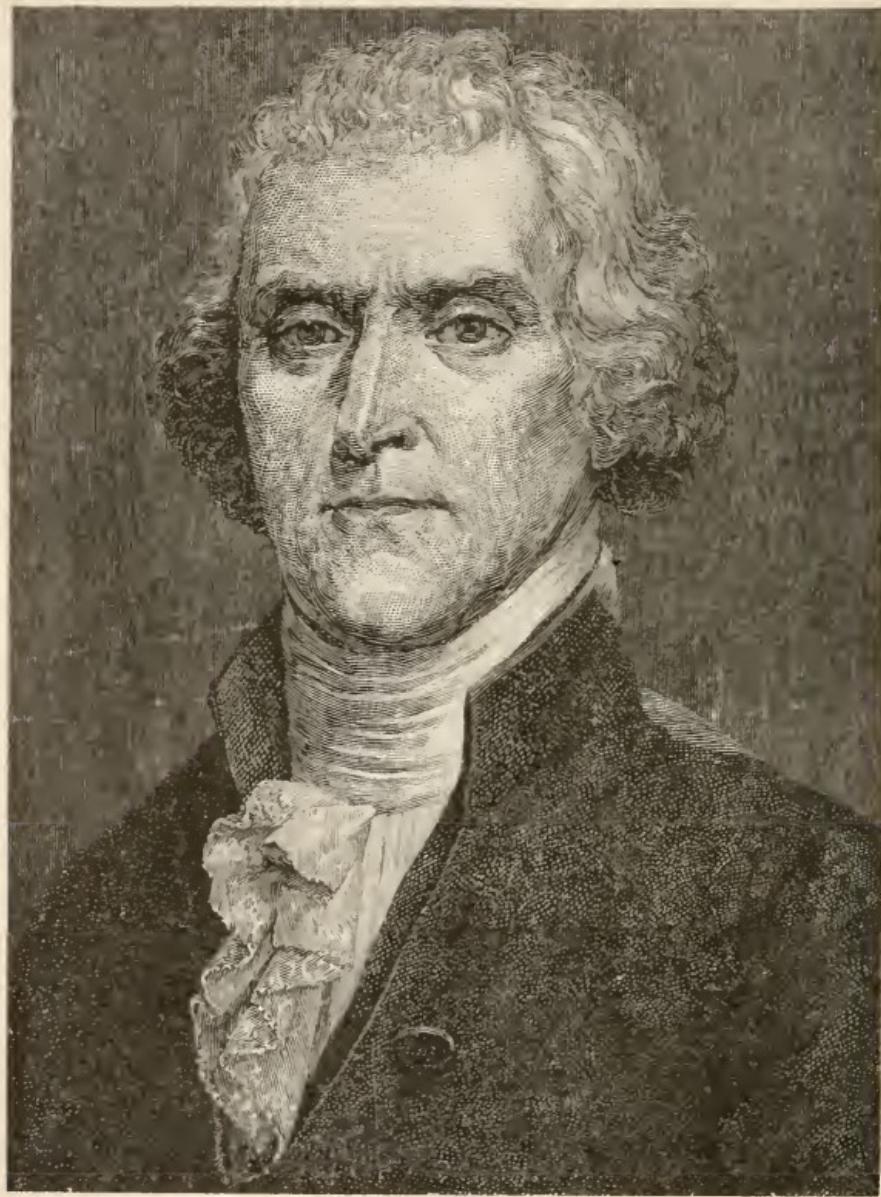
tion, and it may be proper for me to reflect further upon the same subject, and if possible to adopt some resolutions which may enable me, as Uncle Toby Shandy said of his miniature sieges, to answer the great ends of my existence."

A few months later a letter from John Adams, who was then Vice President of the United States, to his wife, showed that the father was having thoughts of the same sort concerning his son's career. In the letter he speaks of some young man whom he thought to be too self-pushing, but immediately afterward adds: "I wish, however, that my boys had a little more of his activity. I must soon treat them as the pigeons treat their squabs—push them off the limb, and make them put out their wings or fall. Young pigeons will never fly till this is done."

It was not long until the young pigeon began to fly. A little over a year after the frank heart-searching comment in the young man's diary, and the half-playful, half-serious letter of the father, John Quincy Adams was appointed minister to Holland, and began the flight that was always upward and onward, and ever full of honor to himself and to his country.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON

PETER JEFFERSON, the father of Thomas Jefferson, belonged to a Welsh family, and settled on a plantation in Albemarle County, Va. He married Jane Randolph, of the eminent old Virginia family. She is described as being "possessed of a most amiable and affectionate disposition, a lively, cheerful temper, and a great fund of humor," qualities which had their influence upon her son's character.

Peter Jefferson, the father, was a model man for a frontier settlement, tall in stature, of extraordinary strength of body, capable of enduring any fatigue in the wilderness, with corresponding health and vigor of mind. He was educated as a surveyor, and in this capacity engaged in a government commission to draw the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina.

When Peter Jefferson died, which he did when his son was only fourteen years of age, he left two injunctions regarding Thomas: one, that he should receive a classical education; the other, that he should never be permitted to neglect the physical exercises necessary for health and strength. Of these dying commands Thomas Jefferson often spoke with

gratitude; and he used to say that if he were obliged to choose between the education and the estate which his father gave him he would choose the education.

Thomas was early sent to school, and before his father's death had been instructed in the elements of Greek and Latin and French by Mr. Douglass, a Scottish clergyman. His father's death left Jefferson his own master. In one of his later letters he says: "At fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself were thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or a friend qualified to advise or guide me."

The first use that young Jefferson made of his liberty was to change his school, and to become a pupil of the Rev. James Maury, an excellent clergyman and scholar of Huguenot descent, who had recently settled in Albemarle County. With him he continued for two years, studying Greek and Latin, and becoming noted, as one of his classmates afterward reported, for scholarship, industry, and shyness. He was at this time a good runner, a keen fox-hunter, and a bold and graceful rider.

At the age of sixteen, in the spring of 1760, he set out on horseback for Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, where he proposed to enter the college of William and Mary. Up to this time he had never seen a town, or even a village, except the hamlet of Charlottesville,

which was about four miles from Shadwell, as his country estate was called.

Williamsburg, the seat of the college, was then anything but a scholastic hermitage for the mortification of youth. In winter, during the session of the court and the sittings of the colonial Legislature, it was the focus of provincial fashion and gayety; and between study and dissipation the ardent young Jefferson had before him the old problem of good and evil not always leading to the choice of virtue. It is to the credit of his manly perceptions and healthy tastes, even then, that, while he freely partook of the amusements incidental to his station and time of life, he kept his eye steadily on loftier things. "It was my great good fortune," he says in his Autobiography, "and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small, of Scotland, was then professor of mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind." His instructions, communicated not only in college hours, but in familiar personal intimacy, warmed the young student with his first, as it became his constant, passion for natural science. This happy instructor also gave a course of lectures in ethics and rhetoric, which were doubtless equally profitable to his young

pupil in the opening of his mind to knowledge. He had also an especial fondness for mathematics, "reading off its processes with the facility of common discourse." He sometimes studied, in his second year, fifteen hours a day, taking exercise in a brisk walk of a mile at evening.

Thomas Jefferson was only two years in college, but he was a tremendous worker. James Parton, one of his best biographers, says of him:

"Thomas Jefferson became one of the best educated men who ever lived in America. His mind and his body were equally nourished and developed. He was one of the best riders in a State where every man was a rider as a matter of course. He was an accomplished performer on the violin. Having a strong aptitude for mathematics, he became a proficient in that science, both in the theory and the practice. In addition to the knowledge of Latin and Greek, which so diligent a student could not fail to acquire in college, he afterward added a familiar knowledge of French, a considerable acquaintance with Italian and Spanish, and some knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon. I think it is safe to say that, of all the public men who have figured in the United States, he was incomparably the best scholar, and the most variously accomplished man."

"Upon the completion of his college course

he studied law for five years, with an assiduity most unusual in the heir to a good estate. He had a clock in his bedroom, and his rule in summer was to get up as soon as he could see the hands, and in winter he rose uniformly at five. Including the time passed in music and reading, he usually spent fourteen hours of every day at his studies; three of which, he tells us, were sometimes spent in practicing on the violin. There has seldom been a young man of fortune who lived more purely than he. He neither practiced the vices nor indulged the passions of his class in the Virginia of that day. He never quarreled; he never gambled. His mouth was innocent of tobacco. He never drank to excess. Occupied continually in the improvement of his mind, except when he indulged in manly and innocent recreations, he appears to have led an absolutely stainless life. The American Democrat can point to the life of the apostle of his political creed and boast that his conduct was as admirable as his intelligence was commanding."

Many years later Thomas Jefferson wrote a letter to his grandson telling him of his school days in Williamsburg, in which he says:

"When I recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time I am astonished I did not turn off with some of them and become as worthless to society as they were. But I had the good for-

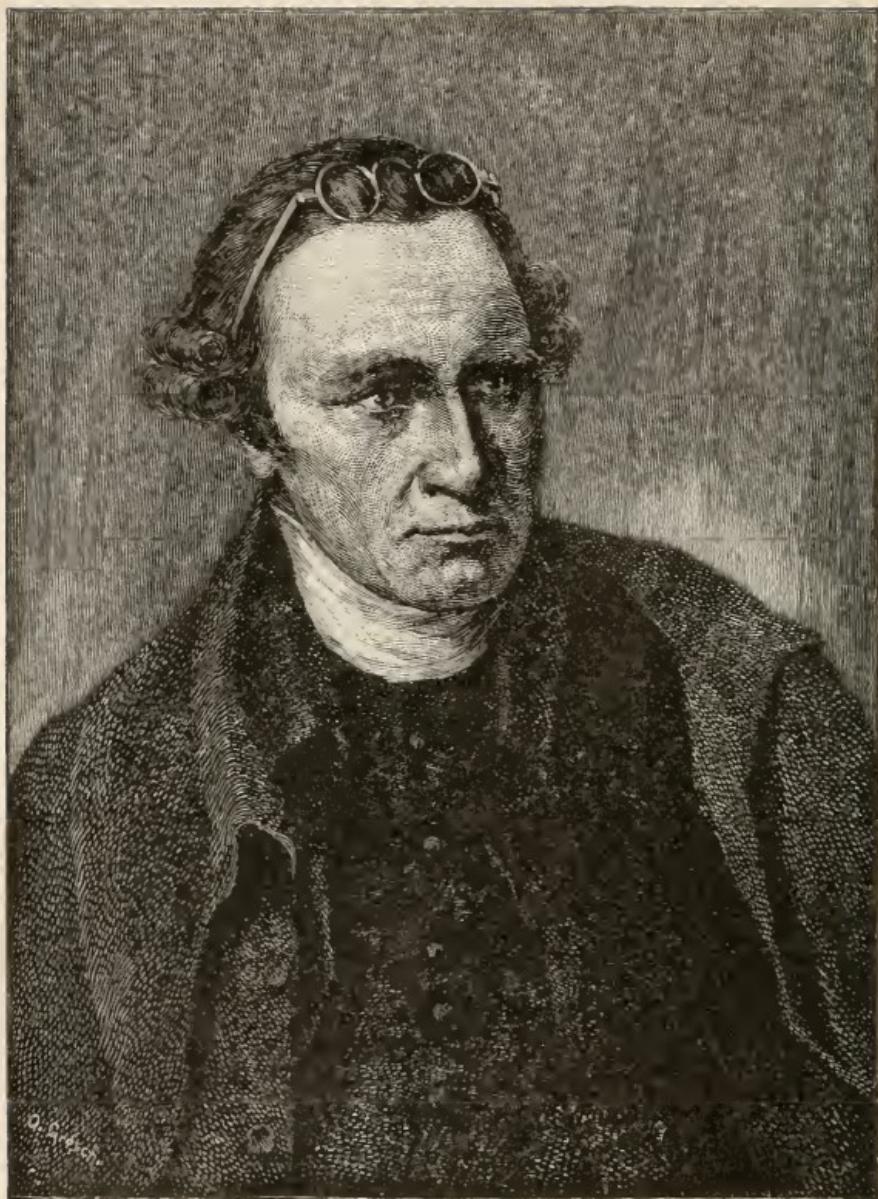
tune to become acquainted, very early, with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties I would ask myself, What would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph do in this situation? What course in it would assure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers that I possessed."

When Jefferson returned from college, though still a very young man, he was at the head of a great estate on which were employed hundreds of negro slaves. How he treated the blacks may be gathered from a story told by his superintendent of a slave named Jim who had been caught stealing nails from the nail factory: "When Mr. Jefferson came I sent for Jim, and I never saw any person, white or black, feel as badly as he did when he saw his master. The tears streamed down his face, and he begged for pardon over and over again. I felt very badly myself. Mr. Jefferson turned to me, and said, 'Ah, sir, we can't punish him. He has suffered enough already.' He then talked to him, gave him a heap of good advice, and sent him to the shop. Jim said: 'Well, I'se been a-seeking religion a long time, but I never heard anything before that sounded so, or made me feel so, as I did when master

said, "Go, and don't do so any more." And now I'se determined to seek religion till I find it; and, sure enough, he afterward came to me for a permit to go and be baptized. He was always a good servant afterward."

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PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY was the son of Colonel John Henry, who was also the presiding magistrate of Hanover County, Va. Until Patrick was ten years of age he was sent to school in the neighborhood near his home, where he learned to read and write and a little of arithmetic. He was then taken home, and under the direction of his father, who had opened a grammar school in his own house, he learned a little Latin and Greek. Under his father's instruction, he became quite proficient in mathematics, the only branch of education for which he seemed to care anything in early youth.

During these years Patrick Henry was more noted for idleness than anything else, except that he was passionately fond of the sports of the field. Whenever it was possible he was in the forest with his gun, or over the brook with his angle-rod. Some of his schoolmates used to follow him, unknown by him, to find out what it was that gave him so much happiness. Sometimes they would find him lying alone under the shade of some tree that overhung the quiet stream, watching, for hours, at the same spot, the motionless cork of his fishing line, without one encouraging symptom of suc-

cess, and without any apparent source of enjoyment, unless he could find it in the stillness of the scene and the silent workings of his own imagination.

This love of solitude, in his youth, was often observed. Even when hunting with a party his choice was not to join the noisy band that drove the deer; he preferred to take his stand alone, where he might wait for the passing game, and indulge himself, meanwhile, in the luxury of thinking. Not that he was averse to society; on the contrary, he had, at times, a very high zest for it. But even in society his enjoyments while young were of a very peculiar cast; he did not mix in the wild mirth of his equals in age, but sat, quiet and demure, taking no part in the conversation, giving no responsive smile to the circulating jests, but lost, to all appearance, in silence and abstraction. This abstraction, however, was only apparent; for on the dispersion of the company, when interrogated by his parents as to what had been passing, he was able, not only to detail the conversation, but to sketch, with strict fidelity, the character of every speaker.

Not one of the companions of Patrick Henry could recollect in after years a single incident of premature wit, or striking sentiment, or flash of fancy, or remarkable beauty or strength of expression; and could recall no

indications, however slight, either of that impassioned love of liberty, or of that adventurous daring and intrepidity, which marked so strongly his future character.

His person is represented as having been coarse, his manners uncommonly awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation very plain, his aversion to study invincible, and his faculties almost entirely benumbed by indolence. No persuasions could bring him either to read or to work. On the contrary, he ran wild in the forest, like one of the wild Indians of the country, and divided his life between the dissipation and uproar of the chase and the languor of inaction.

His propensity to observe and comment upon the character of the people whom he met was the only striking thing to his advantage discovered about him in his early youth. This propensity seems to have been born with him and to have exerted itself, instinctively, the moment that a new subject was presented to his view. Its action was incessant, and it became, at length, almost the only intellectual exercise in which he seemed to take delight. His eloquent biographer, William Wirt, declares that to this cause may be traced that consummate knowledge of the human heart which he finally attained, and which enabled him, when he came upon the public stage, to touch the springs of passion with a master

hand, and to control the resolutions and decisions of his hearers with a power almost more than mortal. He was a child of nature, given Shakespeare's genius and bidden like Shakespeare to depend on that alone.

When Patrick was fifteen years old his father placed him as a clerk behind the counter of a country merchant, and a year later purchased a small stock of goods and set his two sons, William and Patrick, up in trade. William was even lazier than Patrick, and so the store did not get on well. He was so easy-going that he credited everybody that came along, and soon had a great many bad debts. Besides, he was continually wanting to go hunting and fishing, and the store was a prison to him. He took up music to while away the time, and became very proficient with the violin and the flute. The storhouse prison also drove him to books, and for the first time he got a relish for reading. Music and reading and studying the character of the different purchasers who came to the store were his only relief. He was peculiarly delighted with comparing the characters of the people, and in ascertaining how they would severally act in given situations. With this view he would state a hypothetic case, and call for their opinions, one by one, as to the conduct which would be proper in it. If they differed he would demand their reasons, and enjoy highly

the debates in which he would thus involve them. Sometimes he would entertain them with stories, gathered from his reading, or, as was more frequently the case, drawn from his own fancy, composed of circumstances calculated to excite, by turns, pity, terror, resentment, indignation, contempt; pausing in the turns of his narrative to observe the effect.

Young Patrick Henry, in all this, had nothing in view but the pleasure of the moment, but it was the school of oratory which was training him for a great career.

His store only lasted a year, but it took two years to wind up the bad business.

Patrick's misfortunes, however, did not break his heart, neither did they make him overprudent, for at the age of eighteen he married his neighbor's daughter, who was as poor as himself. With the aid of all his friends, he was soon settled down on a little farm, where he was to try to make his bread. At this time there seemed to be only one good thing about him. He was kind-hearted, good to his young wife, but without any redeeming feature in the outlook, so far as the support of his home or a career of honor was concerned.

He managed to keep soul and body together for two years on the farm, when he again tried keeping a little store. But he soon found that he was no better adapted to it than he was at first. He went back to his violin, his flute, his

books, his curious inspection of human nature; and not unfrequently locked his store up and went hunting or fishing.

His reading, however, now took on a serious cast. He studied geography and history, and began to delight in the orations of the ancients.

The new experiment at merchandise left him in a worse fix than ever. Every atom of his property was gone, his friends were unable to assist him any further; he had tried every means of support of which he could suppose himself capable, and every one had failed; ruin was behind him; poverty, debt, want, and famine before; and, as if his cup of misery was not already full enough, here was the wife whom he tenderly loved to suffer with him.

In spite of his desperate situation, Patrick Henry maintained his cheerfulness. He came bobbing up as smiling as ever on the bosom of his sorrows and misfortunes. Having tried everything else and failed, he determined now to make a trial of the law. No one expected him to succeed.

Patrick Henry himself did not hope for anything above a scanty subsistence for himself and his young wife in the law. After he had studied six weeks he managed to pass an examination and get a license to practice law. He had to have a certificate of three examiners; one of these was Mr. John Randolph, a really great lawyer. When Patrick came to him this

elegant gentleman was so much shocked at the young fellow's ungainly figure and address that he refused to examine him; understanding, however, that he had already obtained two signatures, he entered with manifest reluctance on the business. A very short time was sufficient to satisfy him that he was dealing with a very unusual man. So interested did he become that he continued the examination for several hours. He led young Henry out into long discussions, and at the close of the examination said to him, "Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half equal to your genius I augur that you will do well, and become an ornament and an honor to your profession."

Patrick was twenty-four years old when he received his license to practice law, but it was not a great while before he had a chance to astonish the world, and possibly to astonish himself as much as the world. The famous case of the clergy versus the people gave him his opportunity. Space does not permit us to enter into the discussion of the merits of this case. But Patrick Henry was employed on the side of the people. A great many leading men, and especially the clergy, were present at the trial. Among these was Patrick's uncle, the Rev. Patrick Henry. When the young lawyer saw him come into court he walked up to him and expressed his regret at seeing him there. "Why so?" inquired the uncle. "Be-

cause, sir," was the reply, "You know that I have never yet spoken in public, and I fear that I shall be too much overawed by your presence to be able to do my duty to my clients; besides, sir, I shall be obliged to say some hard things of the clergy, and I am very unwilling to give pain to your feelings." His uncle reproved him for having engaged in the cause, which Patrick excused by saying that the clergy had not thought him worthy of being retained on their side, and he knew of no moral principle by which he was bound to refuse a fee from their adversaries; besides, he confessed, in this controversy both his heart and judgment, as well as his professional duty, were on the side of the people. He then requested that his uncle would do him the favor to leave the court.

"Why, Patrick," said the old gentleman, with a good-natured smile. "As to your saying hard things of the clergy, I advise you to let them alone; take my word for it, you will do yourself more harm than you will them; and as to my leaving the ground, I fear, my boy, that my presence could neither do you harm nor good in such a cause. However, since you seem to think otherwise, and desire it of me so earnestly, you shall be gratified." Whereupon he entered his carriage again and returned home.

When Patrick Henry rose to speak curiosity

was on tip-toe. He was very awkward at first, and faltered much in his opening remarks. The people hung their heads; the clergy winked at each other; and Patrick's father, who was one of the magistrates, looked as if he would sink with confusion from his seat with very shame.

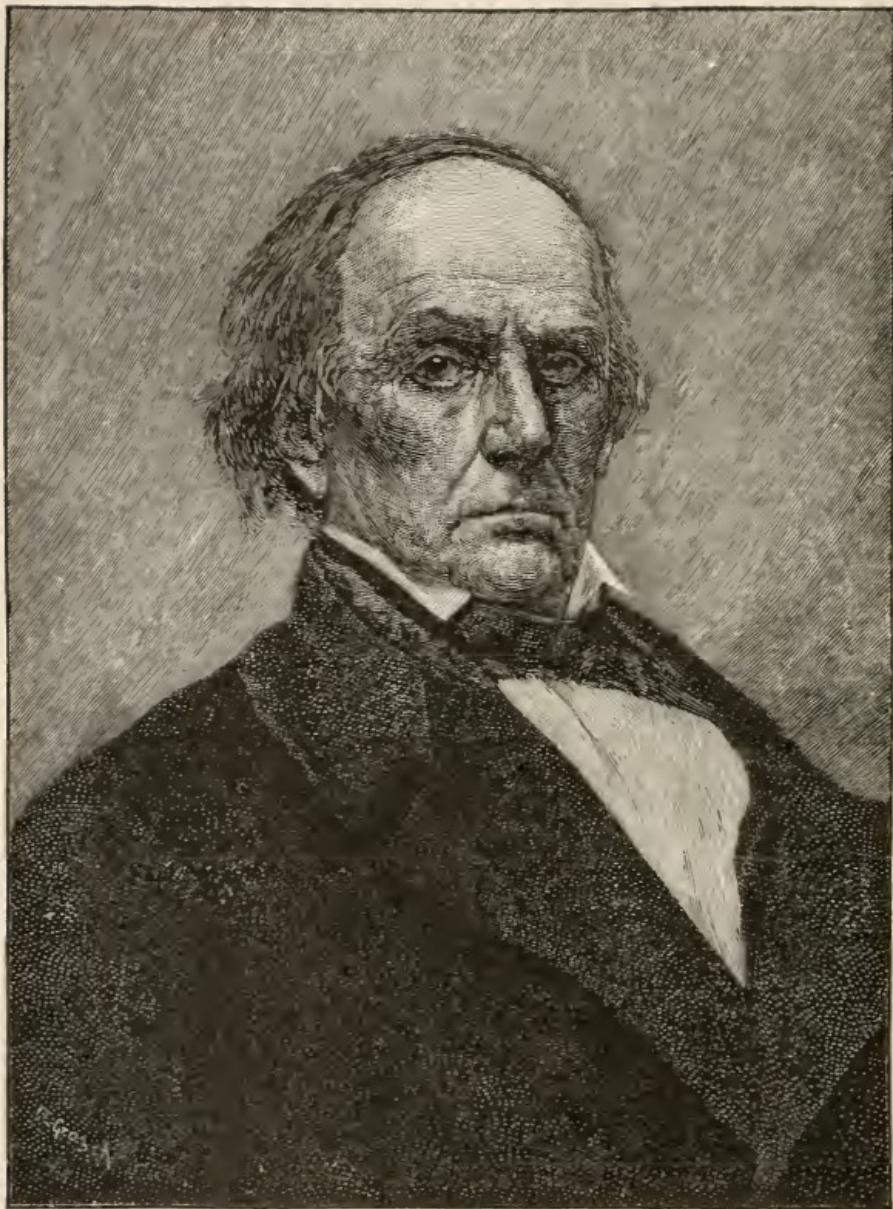
But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character.

As the people listened they soon forgot Patrick's awkwardness. His figure straightened, and the spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance began to beam with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was lightning in his eyes which seemed to pierce the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm which surpassed anything they had ever heard. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on ends."

Patrick Henry was an hour in making his first speech, and that hour swept him into the first class of American orators, where he was to remain forever.

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DANIEL WEBSTER

DANIEL WEBSTER

DANIEL WEBSTER was the youngest of a family of ten children. It was a case in which the Scripture declaration that "the last shall be first" was realized, for he was destined to give fame to the family name throughout all time. He was born in a farmhouse, and brought up on a rocky farm in Salisbury, N. H. He was a delicate child, with eyes of immense size, and which seemed to be instinct with thought, feeling, and expression. The most remarkable feature about him in early years was that so frail a body could carry about so large a head.

Daniel was a mother's boy. Her mind molded the sensitive mind and heart of her child, and gave character to the future mental and moral qualities of the man. His mother was his first and his best teacher. He learned to read with the Bible for his text-book. So early had he been taught his letters that in after years he often said he could not remember the time when he could not spell. While yet a small boy he on one occasion set the bedclothes on fire while reading late at night. When he was reproved for his carelessness he replied that he was in search of light, but was sorry

to say that he had received more of it than he desired.

The first school which Daniel attended was two miles and a half away from the farmouse, and even in the most severe winter weather he had to walk the five miles a day going and coming from school. His memory was something prodigious. At the age of fourteen he could repeat from memory the whole of Pope's "Essay on Man," and nearly all of the hymns and psalms of Isaac Watts.

Between the short sessions of school the future statesman was kept hard at work on the farm. He no doubt thought it very hard at the time, but in many of his great speeches in later years he expressed his pride in the fact that he had been brought up a farmer's boy, and had tilled the soil with his own hands.

When Daniel was fourteen he became office boy to a young lawyer who had settled in the neighborhood, receiving as reward for his labors a chance to read the lawyer's books and some direction as to his studies. The youth devoted six hours every morning to the study of law, and devoted the afternoon to Shakespeare and literature of that sort.

A few months later his father arranged for him to go to the Phillips Academy, at Exeter, N. H. He did not do this with any idea of making a lawyer of the boy, but thought to fit him to be a school-teacher. On the 24th

of May, 1796, when Webster was in his fifteenth year, he set out on horseback for the academy. We can imagine that the boy was very much mortified, as he had to make the journey on a sidesaddle intended for a lady, and his appearance was by no means attractive. Arriving at Exeter, he presented himself to Dr. Benjamin Abbott, the president of the academy, who was not only an able man but a man very pompous and self-sufficient in his manner. This majestic individual questioned the timid farmer boy very severely as to his previous studies. Finding that there was real knowledge in that big head, he picked up a Bible and, handing it to the boy, ordered him to read a passage. It was the twenty-second chapter of Luke. Webster was at home there, for he knew his Bible thoroughly, and his mother had taught him to read it and recite it with great impressiveness. The pompous old president was completely carried away by his splendid Bible reading, and when he had concluded exclaimed, "Young man, you are qualified to enter this institution!"

Daniel's work in the Phillips Academy was something truly remarkable. Dr. Abbott declared in after years that he never knew a boy whose power of amassing and retaining knowledge equaled that of young Webster. He covered an ordinary course of two years in nine months, and returned home to teach

school in his sixteenth year. The family were very poor, and he wished to earn something to help his father as well as to further his own education. He was younger than many of his pupils, but was very successful, and might have remained a country school-teacher all his life but for a happy circumstance which opened for him a door into a larger world.

Dr. Samuel Wood, a bright and scholarly clergyman, came to the neighboring town of Boscowen about this time, and took a fancy to young Webster. He drew the young man to him, and for several months gave him such instruction as opportunity afforded. To this bright young pastor is due the credit of the discovery of Daniel Webster. He saw that here was the clearest and strongest brain he had ever noted, and believed that there was a great future for the boy if he could only have a fair chance for an education. He went to Webster's father, and told him what he thought, and that it was certainly his duty to send Daniel to Dartmouth College—then, as now, the great college of the Granite State. The father was startled at such a thought. He could barely make enough for his family to live on, and at first glance it seemed impossible that money enough could be saved on the old farm to provide even the small amount which was then required to carry a boy

through college. But he took the subject home to his wife, and they brooded over it for days and weeks, until finally the decision was made that Daniel should have a college education.

One day when the father, now growing old, was riding in a rude sleigh with Daniel at his side, he broke the news to the boy, who had known nothing at all about the discussions which had been going on concerning him. The emotions of the boy were too great for utterance. One moment he was bathed in tears, and at the next he was shouting with exultation and expressing his joy and gratitude to his father in the tenderest and most enthusiastic terms. His sensitive heart fully appreciated the great sacrifice that was necessary at home in order that he might have this precious opportunity.

Daniel at once began his preparations for the journey to Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College. He arrived there while the faculty were engaged in examining candidates for admission to the freshman class. He had not even time to clean himself up before going into their presence. All covered with mud, drenched with rain, and presenting in every respect a most unfavorable aspect, he was ushered into the presence of the strange professors to stand the terrible test. His appearance was singular indeed. The rain had completely saturated his suit of blue clothes,

which had been woven, made, and dyed at home, and the fugitive colors had largely been transferred to his person. In later years, when he was a famous orator, his admirers used fondly to call him "Black Dan," but on that first day in college he might with still more appropriateness have been called "Blue Dan."

Notwithstanding the mud and the shifting colors, the Dartmouth faculty found the quick, strong brain underneath, and Webster was admitted to the college, of which he was to be the most famous graduate.

Young Webster carried his diploma away from Dartmouth before he was twenty years old, and after a few months' teaching at Fryeburg, Me., he went to Boston and put himself under the instruction of Governor Gore, having now fully determined to make of himself a great lawyer. While here, two years later, there occurred to him an incident which illustrates very clearly the stability of his character and the resolute will of the man. His father's estate was at that time very much embarrassed with debt. These debts had been chiefly incurred by the efforts of the noble old man to support his sons, Daniel and Ezekiel, during their collegiate studies. A pecuniary obligation in that day, when men were often put into prison for debt, was a serious thing. One day Daniel received a letter from his father that he had succeeded in obtaining for his son the

appointment of clerk to the Court of Common Pleas in his native county, an office which was worth fifteen hundred dollars, a large portion of which could go to pay the father's debt. He asked Daniel to come home at once and enter upon the duties of his new office.

To the young lawyer this was like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. To give up his chosen profession and his hopes for a great career was a terrible calamity; yet he loved his father devotedly, and he felt willing to make almost any sacrifice to save him from burdens in his old age. A terrible struggle ensued in the mind of young Webster. He carefully studied both sides of the question. At length he started homeward, reached his father's house, and hurried into his presence. It was not long before the father discovered that Daniel was not happy over the new office, and at length he gently but positively refused to abandon his profession and subside into the obscurity of the court clerk. The old man was astonished and greatly offended. He used every argument to overcome the resolution of his ambitious son; but he reasoned in vain. At last Daniel, having expressed his determination to return to Boston, poured into the lap of his astonished father the sum in gold which was necessary to pay all his debts and set his mind at rest. The joy produced by this unexpected good fortune may readily be imagined;

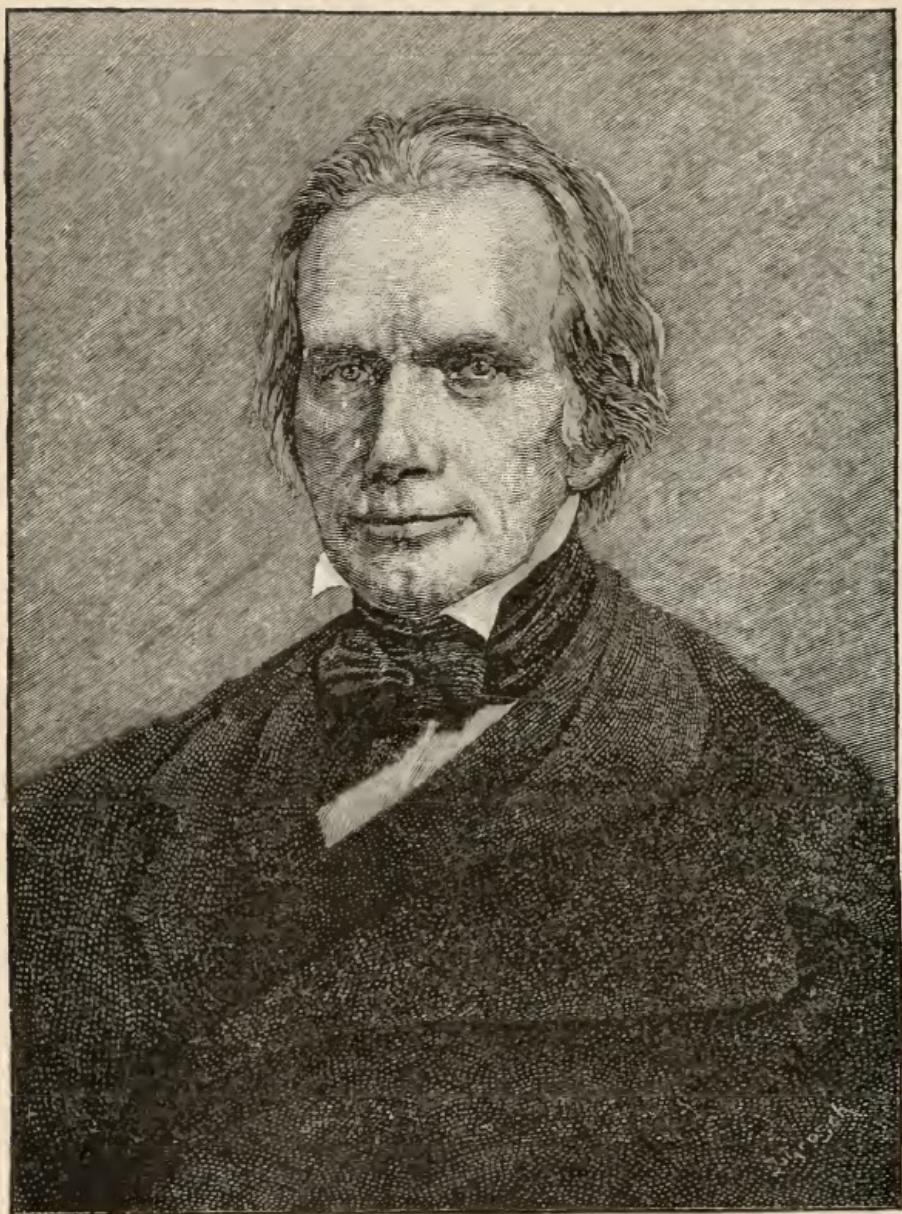
and Daniel then explained how a generous friend in Boston, to whom he had stated his dilemma, had kindly offered to lend him the money, which offer he had thankfully accepted. This man, named Emery, gave to Daniel Webster the helping hand that at last thrust the door wide open for his entrance upon an illustrious career.

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HENRY CLAY

HENRY CLAY

THE father of Henry Clay was a Baptist preacher, the Rev. John Clay, a native of Virginia, who died when his son Henry was only five years old. Henry Clay was born April 12, 1777, in Hanover County, Va., while the Revolutionary War was in full flame. In the back country district where Henry Clay was born the region abounded in swamps, which were popularly known as "The Slashes." Many years afterward, when Clay was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, his party friends called him "The Mill Boy of the Slashes."

The Revolutionary War left its mark on all the region in that part of Virginia. After Henry Clay had become a great orator, he once recalled in a speech an incident of his childhood which had been burned into his memory, how his mother's house was visited by the troops of the British general, Tarleton, and of their running their swords into the new-made graves of his father and grandfather, thinking they contained hidden treasures.

The mother was poorly provided with means for the education of her numerous young family, for Henry was the seventh of a family of

eight children, and the only early instruction the future statesman received was in the rude log-cabin schoolhouse where but the simplest rudiments were taught. His teacher, Peter Deacon, an Englishman, had been sent to this country for his country's good, and was not able to carry his students very far along the highway of knowledge.

As soon as Henry Clay was old enough to help—and that was at a very early period in those days—he began to be one of the workers of the household in the effort to secure their bread. He plowed the cornfield barefooted, and with no other clothes than a pair of thin cotton trousers and a coarse shirt. It was his special duty to go to mill with the bag of grain, and take his turn in the old-fashioned way in waiting for it to be ground into meal. On such occasions he rode a pony without a saddle, while a rope supplied the place of a bridle. He did this so continuously that the people who lived along the road to the mill became quite accustomed to it, and it was from this that there grew up the name for him, "The Mill Boy of the Slashes."

When Henry Clay was fourteen years of age he was placed in a small retail store kept by Mr. Richard Denny, near the market house in the city of Richmond, Va. He remained there till the next year, when he got a better position in the office of the clerk of the High

Court of Chancery, Mr. Peter Tinsley. There he became acquainted with the venerable Chancellor Wythe, attracted his friendly attention, and enjoyed the benefit of his instruction and conversation. The chancellor, being unable to write well in consequence of rheumatism in his right thumb, employed young Clay to do his writing for him. This was a most fortunate circumstance for the fatherless boy. This new position brought Henry Clay at a critical period of his youth directly into contact with the superior resources of one of the most cultivated and refined minds in Virginia. The chancellor was a good linguist, eminently skilled in composition, and of a friendly turn to impart his knowledge to his assistant; so that the copyist became in a measure his privileged pupil. The legal reports and comments which he took down from the chancellor's dictation must also have imparted some familiarity with the law. From Mr. Tinsley's office young Clay went to reside with Mr. Robert Brooke, at that time attorney-general of the State, with whom he advanced sufficiently far in the study of the law to secure a license in the Court of Appeals to practice the profession.

On two occasions during the time of his law studies Henry Clay had the good fortune to hear Patrick Henry—once before the Circuit Court of the United States for the Virginia

District, on the question of the payment of British debts, and again before the House of Delegates of Virginia on the claim of the supernumerary officers in the services of the State during the Revolutionary War. The great orator produced a lasting impression on the mind of Clay. Years afterward he said that the charm of Patrick Henry's eloquence consisted largely in one of the finest voices he ever heard, in his graceful gesticulation, and the variety and force of expression which he exhibited in his face.

As soon as he had received his license to practice law, which was the only property he possessed in the world, he immediately set out to seek his fortune in Kentucky. Alighting at Lexington, then a small village, but the most important place in the region, he opened an office and began his career as an advocate. His quickness of parts and ready adaptability gave him immediate success. Nature had bestowed upon him a fine voice and those mental and physical harmonies indispensable to the orator. His genius led him to cultivate a habit of speaking which with experience and development ripened into the highest eloquence. His method early in life was daily to read in some historical or scientific book, and deliver the information which he thus acquired in a set speech, alone by himself in the woods or fields or in some lonely barn "with the horse

and ox for his only auditors." He was candid enough to declare this in after life to a class of law students, a positive assertion of what may always be suspected, that eminent success, even with men of genius, is never without some such patient skill and labor in the acquisition of its powers. Even the rich nature of Henry Clay, which lived and breathed in eloquence, required some training of its wonderful faculties. The anecdote is told of his carrying his private practice into a debating society, and commencing, "Gentlemen of the jury," with some embarrassment, when he at once, on striking into the subject, carried his hearers along on a tide of eloquence and argument.

There is a very amusing incident connected with one of the first successes through which the young lawyer won his spurs in his new field. He had succeeded in clearing two Germans, a father and son, who had been charged with a serious crime. At the close of the trial an old, withered, exceedingly ill-favored German woman, who was the wife of the elder prisoner and the mother of the younger, on being informed of the discharge of her husband and son, ran toward the young advocate, in the excess of her gratitude and joy, and throwing her arms about his neck kissed him with great manifestations of affection. Although taken wholly by surprise,

and hardly flattered by blandishments from such a source, young Clay acquitted himself upon the occasion with such grace and good humor that it won him new applause from the spectators.

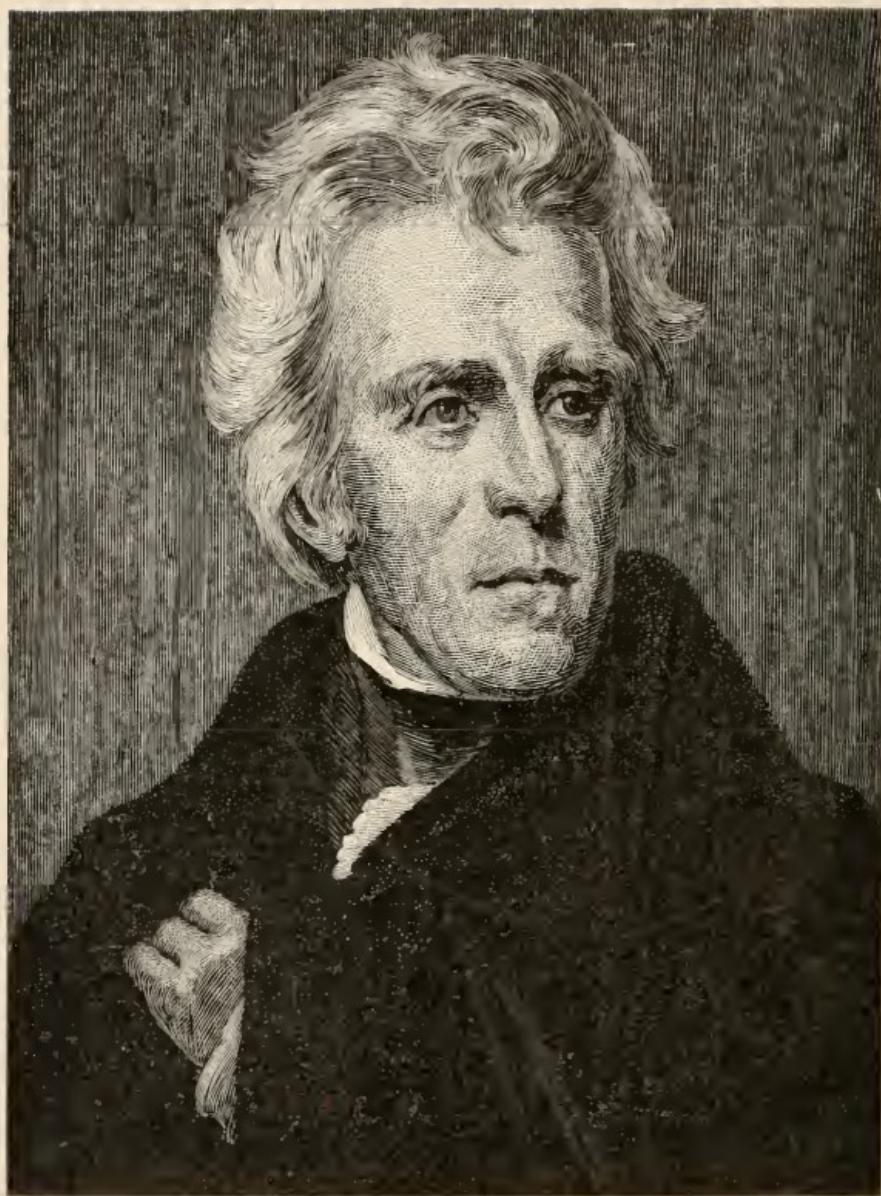
Not long after this the celebrated Aaron Burr was arrested in Kentucky on a charge of being engaged in an illegal warlike enterprise. The sagacity and penetration of that extraordinary man were never more clearly evinced than in his application to young Clay to defend him. Henry Clay believed, and it was generally believed in Kentucky, that the prosecution was groundless and was being pushed simply as a matter of shrewd politics. Young Clay, generous and chivalrous in spirit, felt a lively sympathy for Colonel Burr on account of his being arrested in a State distant from his own, also on account of his misfortunes and the great fall from the distinguished stations he had filled. Still, with remarkable prudence, he declined to appear for Burr until he gave him written assurances that he was engaged in no enterprise forbidden by law, and none that was not known and approved by the Cabinet at Washington. On receiving these assurances in writing Henry Clay appeared for him with great tact and ability. The generous spirit of Henry Clay never showed to better advantage than in the fact that because of his feeling that Colonel

Burr ought not to be dealt with as an ordinary culprit he declined receiving from him any fee, although a liberal one was tendered. When we remember the empty condition of the young lawyer's pocketbook we cannot but regard it as a high certificate of the generosity and nobility of his character.

Burr was acquitted, and Henry Clay soon afterward found that Burr had deceived him. The next time they met was in a crowded court room with the eyes of many distinguished men upon them. Colonel Burr hurried forward to shake hands with Mr. Clay. But Clay refused to shake hands with him. He would not thus honor the man who had been false to him.

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ANDREW JACKSON

ANDREW JACKSON

THE parents of Andrew Jackson were poor Irish emigrants who landed in America in 1767. They entered the New World at Charleston, S. C., and pressed on into the backwoods to share the labors and enjoy the fellowship of other Irish emigrants who had settled in that district. After two years' hard work the elder Andrew Jackson died, and a few days after his death Andrew Jackson the younger, who was to be one of the most picturesque figures in the history of the American government, was born. The father having left little if any means of support for his family, the mother found a permanent home with a brother-in-law named Crawford. There, on a farm, the early boyhood of Andrew Jackson was passed in hunting and fishing and chopping and plowing, and all of the ordinary pursuits of a boy on the frontier. His physical powers were developed by healthy outdoor sports, his muscles disciplined by exercise, and his mind received such culture and education as the very limited privileges of the time permitted. He learned to read and write, and knew a very little of arithmetic.

A little later his mother, by great self-sacri-

fice, managed to send him for a few months to an academy at Charlotte, and thought for a while of preparing him for the Presbyterian ministry. Such would probably have been his career had not the war of the Revolution, now breaking out afresh in the South, carried him in quite a different direction.

In 1779, when Andrew was twelve years old, came the invasion of South Carolina in the cruel and ruthless expedition of Prevost along the coast, followed by the arrival of General Clinton and the fall of Charleston. General Tarleton carried devastation and woe into the very neighborhood where Andrew Jackson lived. This Irish settlement, known as the Waxhaws, put up a stout and desperate resistance to the advance of the invaders, and the battle which was fought there was a most bloody engagement. It was a massacre rather than a battle, as American blood was poured forth like water. The mangled bodies of the wounded were brought into the church of the settlement, where the mother of young Jackson, then a boy of thirteen, with himself and brother, attended the sick and dying. That bloody battle, fought on the very spot where his father had worshiped, and near which he reposed, summoned the boy to his baptism of blood and struggle. Andrew Jackson was not the kind of boy to shrink from the encounter, and the next August we find him under Gen-

eral Sumter at the attack on the enemy's post at Hanging Rock, accompanied to the fight by Major Davies's North Carolina troops, though for some reason he does not appear to have engaged in the battle. A few days after General Gates was defeated at Camden, and Mrs. Jackson and her children fled before the storm of war to a refuge in the northern part of the district. The escape was but temporary, for, on her return in the spring, her boys were entangled, as they could not well fail to be in that region, in the desultory warfare which afflicted the Carolinas. In the preparation for one of the frequent skirmishes between Whig and Tory the two brothers were surprised, escaped in flight, and were betrayed and captured. On this occasion occurred the often narrated scene of the indignity offered by the British officer which was met by the spirited resistance of the youth. Andrew was ordered by the officer, in no gentle tone, to clean his boots. He refused peremptorily, pleading his rights as a prisoner of war, an argument which brought down a rejoinder in a sword-thrust on the head and the arm raised for protection, the marks of which the old hero bore to his last day. A similar wound, at the same time, for a like offense, was the cause of his brother's death. Their imprisonment at Camden was most cruel. They were severely wounded, without medicine or care, with but little food, and

exposed to contagion. But their mother followed them and managed to bring about their exchange. Few scenes of war can be fancied more truly heroic and pitiful than the picture presented by Mr. Parton, in his faithful biography of this earnest, afflicted, patriotic mother receiving her boys from the dungeon, "astonished and horrified" at their worn, wasted appearance. The elder was so ill as not to be able to sit on horseback without help, and there was no place for them in those troubled times but their distant home. It was forty miles away. Two horses, with difficulty we may suppose, were procured. "One she rode herself. Robert was placed on the other, and held in his seat by the returning prisoners, to whom his devoted mother had just given liberty. Behind the sad procession, poor Andrew dragged his weak and weary limbs, bare-headed, barefooted, without a jacket." Before the long journey was thus painfully accomplished "a chilly, drenching, merciless rain" set in, to add to its hardships. Two days after Robert died, and Andrew was, happily, perhaps, insensible to the event in the delirium of the smallpox, which he had contracted in prison. What will not woman undertake of heroic charity! This mother of Andrew Jackson had no sooner seen her surviving boy recovered by her care than she set off with two other matrons, on foot, traversing the long

distance to Charleston to carry aid and consolation to her nephews and friends immured in the deadly prison-ships in the harbor. She accomplished her errand, but died almost in its execution, falling ill of the ship fever at the house of a relative in the vicinity of the city. Thus sank into her martyr's grave this woman, worthy to be the mother of a hero, leaving her son Andrew, before reaching his fifteenth birthday, an orphan—a sick and sorrowful orphan, a homeless and dependent orphan, an orphan of the Revolution.

The youth remained with one of the Crawfords till a quarrel with an American commissary in the house—this lad of spirit would take indignity neither from friend nor foe—drove him to another relative, whose son, being in the saddler's trade, led him to some six months' engagement in this mechanical pursuit. This was followed by a somewhat eager enlistment in the wild youthful sports or dissipations of the day, such as cockfighting, racing, and gambling, which might have wrecked a less resolute victim; but his strength to get out of this dangerous current was happily superior to the force which impelled him into it, and he escaped. He even took to study, and became a schoolmaster, not overcompetent in some respects, but fully capable of imparting what he himself had learned in the rude schools of the time.

Andrew spent over a year in this way, saved his money, and then determined to prepare himself for the law. The youth—he was yet hardly eighteen—now offered himself as a student to the most eminent counsel in that region. He entered the law office of Mr. Spence McCay, a man of note at Salisbury, N. C. There during the following year he had also the legal instructions of an old warrior of the Revolution, brave Colonel Stokes, a good lawyer and a curious mixture of the soldier and the citizen, who must have been quite to Andrew Jackson's taste. At the end of the year he was duly licensed, and began to practice law.

Andrew Jackson's best biographer, Mr. Parton, paints this picture of him at this time: "A tall fellow, six feet and an inch in his stockings; slender, but graceful; far from handsome, with a long, thin, fair face, a high and narrow forehead, abundant reddish-sandy hair, falling low over it—hair not yet elevated to the bristling aspect of later days—eyes of a deep blue, brilliant when aroused, a bold rider, a capital shot."

After getting his "law" the young advocate took a turn in the miscellaneous pursuits of the West, as a storekeeper at Martinsville, keeping up his connection with his profession by performing the executive duties of a constable. When he had reached the age of

twenty-one he may be said to have fairly entered upon his career, as he received the appointment as prosecuting attorney in the Western District of North Carolina, a district which covered the present State of Tennessee. This carried him to Nashville, then a perilous journey through an unsettled country, filled with enemies both among the red men and the white. Jackson needed all his pioneer and soldier training for the life that was before him. To conduct the office of public prosecutor in such a territory it was as important to be a good woodsman as a well-informed jurist. Indeed, there was more fear of the Indian than there was of the attorney for the defense. Jackson grew constantly as a lawyer, was honest and straightforward, and laid the foundation for the future honors that were in store for him.

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POCAHONTAS

POCAHONTAS

WHEN the English settlements were made at Jamestown, Va., in 1607, the country now known as the State of Virginia was occupied by some twenty thousand Indians, eight thousand of whom were the subjects of Powhatan, a savage whose warlike renown had spread far through the forests and over the mountains, and who was a born leader of men. By diplomacy and force of character he had united forty tribes under his own authority. He regarded with great suspicion and distrust the coming of the English and on the first good opportunity undertook to destroy the leading spirit of the English settlement.

Captain John Smith, an adventurous soldier, was the life and brains of the Jamestown settlement. He had managed to get on trading terms with the Indians, and to secure from them the corn, beans, and pumpkins necessary to the life of the little settlement. But on one of these trading excursions, having become careless, and being attended by a very small party, he was attacked by three hundred savages, led by the brother of Powhatan. The party was overcome, and Captain Smith himself was captured after being badly wounded.

He saved himself from instant death by his pocket compass. He called the chief's attention to the restless play of the needle, at the same time attempting an explanation of the wonderful purpose it was made to serve. It is not likely that the Indians got much information, but the interesting little dial, which was very mysterious to them, saved his life for the time, and caused him to be taken before the great chief, Powhatan.

He was at last introduced into a wigwam of unusual size, in the center of which was a blazing fire. At one end, upon a rude throne, sat Powhatan, a man of noble stature, and of majestic though severe demeanor. He was clothed in raccoon skins. On one side of him was his daughter, Matachanna; on the other, his younger and favorite daughter, Matoaka, the "Snow Feather," destined in the coming hour to render herself immortal under the beautiful but assumed name of Pocahontas. Against each wall of the wigwam sat a row of women, their faces and shoulders painted red, their hair adorned with the white down of birds, and their necks ornamented with beads.

The queen of Apamatuck brought the guest water with which to wash his hands, and another lady of rank presented a bunch of feathers to dry them on. A consultation was then held, at the end of which two large stones were laid before Powhatan. Captain Smith was

dragged to the altar thus improvised, and his head placed upon the stones. Some half-dozen savages raised their clubs in the air, waiting for Powhatan's signal to beat out the brains of the helpless victim. Matoaka for a moment stayed her father's purpose by her tears and entreaties; but finding all intercession unavailing, she sprang forward, kneeled over Smith's prostrate form, clasped his head in her arms, and placing her own upon it, seemed determined to share his fate. This heroic and generous act touched the hearts of Powhatan and the executioners; the great chief yielded to the pleadings of his daughter, and set aside the sentence of death.

"The account of this most touching and beautiful scene," says Mr. Hillard, "familiar as it is to everyone, can hardly be read with unmoistened eyes. The incident is so dramatic and startling that it seems to preserve the freshness of novelty amidst a thousand repetitions. We could almost as reasonably have expected an angel to have come down from heaven and rescued the captain as that his deliverer should have sprung from the bosom of Powhatan's family. The universal sympathies of mankind, and the best feelings of the human heart, have redeemed this scene from the obscurity which, in the progress of time, gathers over all but the most important events. It has pointed a thousand morals and

adorned a thousand tales. Innumerable bosoms have throbbed, and are yet to throb, with generous admiration for this daughter of a people whom we have been too ready to underrate. Had we known nothing of her but what is related in this incident she would deserve the eternal gratitude of the inhabitants of this country, for the fate of the colony may be said to have hung upon the arms of Smith's executioners. He was its life and soul, and without the magic influence of his personal qualities it would have abandoned in despair the project of permanently settling the country, and sailed to England by the first opportunity."

Matoaka was at this period twelve years old. Of her life up to this time nothing whatever is known, and we have no record of the influences which wrought together to form a character which would have been beautiful anywhere, and was a marvel in one reared in a Virginia forest, amid lawless savages. On the settlement of the English colonists in their vicinity Powhatan changed her name to that of Pocahontas—signifying "A run between two hills." He appears to have believed that by thus concealing her true name he should deprive the English of the power of harming her.

Some time later Pocahontas again appeared as the guardian angel of the settlers. Pow-

hatan had resolved to fall upon the English, and had made such formidable preparations as would have secured him an easy triumph had not his intentions been divulged by his daughter. An old record written at the time in Jamestown says:

“For Pocahontas, his dearest jewel, in that dark night, came through the irksome woods and told our Captain great cheer should be sent us by and by; but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our own weapons when we were at supper, therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in the Captain would have given her; but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any; for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, and so she ran away by herself as she came.” Thus Pocahontas again saved the lives of Captain Smith and his friends.

A few months later Captain John Smith went away to England, and the English settlement came into other hands. Trouble sprang up, and Pocahontas was seized and held as a hostage in Jamestown. While here a young Englishman named John Rolfe won her heart, and she in turn gained not only his respect and admiration, but his tender love. The governor, Sir Thomas Dale, gave his consent

to the marriage, and even Chief Powhatan sent his brother and two sons to be present at the wedding in Jamestown.

The historian Lossing gives a most interesting account of the marriage of Pocahontas. "It was," he says, "a day in charming April, in 1613, when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage altar in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown. The sun had marched halfway up toward the meridian, when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasant odor of the 'pews of cedar' commingled with the fragrance of the wild flowers which decked the festoons of evergreens and sprays that hung over the 'fair broad windows,' and the commandment tablet above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheat fields of Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, 'hewn hollow between like a canoe,' sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

"Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews, the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, from the

looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare even to the shoulders; and hanging loosely toward her feet was a robe of rich stuff, presented by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head and held the plumage of birds and a veil of gauze, while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native workshops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly beauty in form and carriage; she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God history dipped her pen in the indestructible fountain of truth, and recorded a prophecy of mighty empires in the New World."

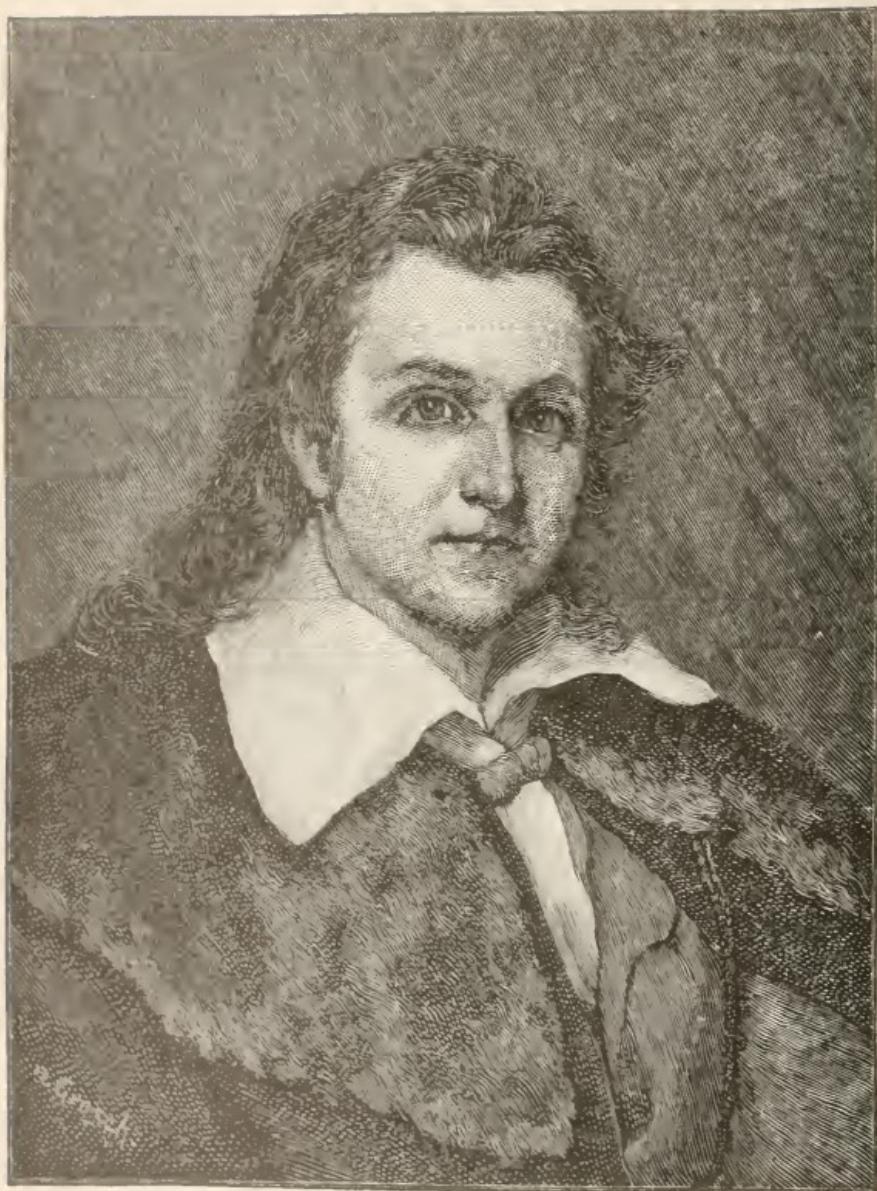
After describing the governor and many other distinguished guests who were present, among them the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Lossing says: "An earnest spectator of the scene was the elder brother of Pocahontas, but not the destined successor to the throne of his father. There, too, was a younger brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy—the father of the bride, was absent. He had consented to the marriage with a willing

voice, but would not trust himself within the power of the English at Jamestown."

The marriage of Pocahontas secured peace for a long time to the English settlement, and the historian writes that "The Rose of England lay undisturbed upon the Hatchet of the Powhatans while the father of Pocahontas lived."

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JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

THE father of John James Audubon, the famous naturalist, had a most romantic career. When he was twelve years old his father gave him, to use his own words, "a shirt, a dress of warm clothing, his blessing, and a cane, and sent him out to seek his fortune." The lad went to Nantes, and, falling in with the captain of a vessel bound on a fishing voyage to the coast of America, he shipped on board as a boy before the mast. He stuck to the ship, and at the age of seventeen was rated as an able-bodied seaman. At twenty-one he commanded a vessel, and at twenty-five he was owner and captain of a ship. He added other vessels to this until he had a fleet of them. He settled in Santo Domingo and made a fortune. On one of his trips to America, while he was residing in the West Indies, he met and married in Louisiana a lady of Spanish extraction, whose beauty and wealth are said to have made her equally attractive. Three sons and one daughter were born to this couple, and the future naturalist was the youngest of the sons. Some years later the Audubon family returned to France and purchased an estate there.

The naturalist was born on his father's plantation near New Orleans, La., May 4, 1780, and his earliest recollections are associated with lying among the flowers, sheltered by the orange trees, and watching the movements of the mocking-bird, dear to him in after-life from many associations. He says that his earliest impressions of nature were exceedingly vivid; the beauties of natural scenery stirred a frenzy in his blood, and at the earliest age the bent of his future studies was indicated by many characteristic traits. He left Louisiana while but a child, and went to Santo Domingo, where he resided for a short period, previous to his departure for France, where his education was to be commenced.

Influenced by the military spirit of his time, young Audubon dreamed in his school days of being a soldier, but happily for natural science his adventurous spirit, which he had inherited from his father, found another outlet. Fortunately, his instruction was under the practical guidance of his mother, and large scope was allowed him for indulging in nest-hunting propensities. Supplied with a haversack of provisions, he made frequent excursions into the country, and usually returned loaded with objects of natural history, birds' nests, birds' eggs, specimens of moss, curious stones, and other objects attractive to his eye.

When the old sailor father returned after a long absence at sea he was astonished at the large collection his boy had made, paid him some compliments on his good taste, and asked what progress he had made in his other studies. No satisfactory reply being given, he retired without reproach, but evidently mortified at the idleness of the young naturalist. On the day following this examination father and son started for Rochefort, where the elder held some appointment. The journey occupied four days, and the pair did not exchange one unnecessary word during the journey. Reaching his official residence, the father explained that he himself would superintend his son's education, gave the boy liberty for one day to survey the ships of war and the fortifications, and warned him that on the morrow a severe course of study should be commenced. And commence it did. More than a year was spent in the close study of mathematics; though whenever opportunity offered this study was neglected for rambles after objects of natural history and the collection of more specimens. Already Audubon had begun to draw sketches of birds and work toward his career.

His father was desirous that he should join the armies of Napoleon and win fame as a soldier, but the dreams of his early boyhood had subsided, and he longed for the forests

and the chance to study nature. The romantic old sailor on one of his many trips to America had bought a large tract of land at Mill Grove, near Schuylkill Falls, in Pennsylvania; and as he could not make a soldier of his boy he now sent him out to America to look after this property. He has recorded in affecting language his regret at leaving behind him the country where he spent his boyhood, the friends upon whose affections he relied, and the associations that had become dear to him. While the breeze wafted along the great ship many hours were spent in deep sorrow and melancholy musings.

On arriving at Mill Grove he found that his nearest neighbor was an English gentleman named Bakewell. But the young fellow was so thoroughly French in his training, and the feeling between France and England in that day was so bitter, that he hated the very sight of an Englishman, and would have nothing to do with him. But the wife of the superintendent of his father's farm was a born matchmaker, and there was a pretty girl at the Bakewell home who she thought would just suit young Audubon, and so she kept at him until he returned his neighbor's friendly call. It finally came about, however, through his meeting Mr. Bakewell on a hunting excursion. Audubon tells the story in a very interesting way:

"I was struck with the kind politeness of his manners, and found him a most expert marksman, and entered into conversation. I admired the beauty of his well-trained dogs, and finally promised to call upon him and his family. Well do I recollect the morning, and may it please God may I never forget it, when for the first time I entered the Bakewell household. It happened that Mr. Bakewell was from home. I was shown into a parlor, where only one young lady was snugly seated at work, with her back turned toward the fire. She rose on my entrance, offered me a seat, and assured me of the gratification her father would feel on his return, which, she added with a smile, would be in a few minutes, as she would send a servant after him. Other ruddy cheeks made their appearance, but like spirits gay vanished from my sight. Talking and working, the young lady, who remained, made the time pass pleasantly enough, and to me especially so. It was she, my dear Lucy Bakewell, who afterward became my wife and the mother of my children."

Audubon in his journal gives us some very interesting and amusing pictures of his life during these young days. One day he writes: "I had no vices, but was thoughtless, pensive, loving, fond of shooting, fishing, and riding, and had a passion for raising all sorts of fowls, which sources of interest and amusement fully

occupied my time. It was one of my fancies to be ridiculously fond of dress; to hunt in black satin breeches, wear pumps when shooting, and dress in the finest ruffled shirts I could obtain from France."

Regarding his mode of life, which he credits as the cause of his powers of endurance in later years, Audubon gives some hints which many young men would do well to make note of. He says:

"I ate no butcher's meat, lived chiefly on fruits, vegetables, and fish, and never drank a glass of spirits or wine until my wedding day. To this I attribute my continual good health, and endurance, and an iron constitution. So strong was the habit, that I disliked going to dinner parties, where people were expected to indulge in eating and drinking, and where often there was not a single dish to my taste. I cared nothing for sumptuous entertainments . . . All this time I was fair and rosy, strong as anyone of my age and sex could be, and as active and agile as a buck."

Mr. William Bakewell, the brother of the young woman who so captured and held the fancy and afterward the loyal devotion of Audubon, has left on record a picturesque word picture of Audubon's house at Mill Grove during these days when he was just verging toward young manhood. For it is to be remembered that he was only seventeen years old

when sent out to America by his father. Young Bakewell writes:

"Audubon took me to his house, where he and his companion Rosier resided, with Mrs. Thomas for an attendant. On entering his room I was astonished and delighted to find that it was turned into a museum. The walls were festooned with all sorts of birds' eggs, carefully blown out and strung on a thread. The chimney-piece was covered with stuffed squirrels, raccoons, and opossums; and the shelves around were likewise crowded with specimens, among which were fishes, frogs, snakes, lizards, and other reptiles. Besides these stuffed varieties, many paintings were arrayed upon the walls, chiefly of birds. He had great skill in stuffing and preserving animals of all sorts. He had also a trick of training dogs with great perfection, of which art his famous dog Zephyr was a wonderful example. He was an admirable marksman, an expert swimmer, a clever rider, possessed great activity, prodigious strength, and was notable for the elegance of his figure and the beauty of his features, and he aided nature by a careful attendance to his dress. Besides other accomplishments, he was musical, a good fencer, and could plait willow baskets."

Mr. Bakewell adds that Audubon once swam across the Schuylkill River with him on his back—no contemptible feat for a young athlete.



WASHINGTON IRVING

O.C.

WASHINGTON IRVING

THE ancestry of Washington Irving belongs to an ancient line in Scotland, which has been traced to the first years of the fourteenth century. It is known as "the knightly family of Drum," from an old castle still occupied by the descendants on the banks of the river Dee. An early member of the family settled in the Orkneys, where the race flourished and faded, and as Irving himself says, "dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled, until the last of them, nearly a hundred years since, sought a new home in this New World of ours."

William Irving arrived in New York in 1760, bringing with him his wife, an English lady of Cornwall, whose maiden name was Saunders. These were the parents of Washington Irving, who was born in William Street, New York city, April 3, 1783. One of the earliest stories told about his childhood is concerning his Scotch nurse taking him out one day—it was the time of Washington's inauguration, and the First Congress in New York. The nurse and her charge fell in with the Father of his Country, when the shrewd girl, eagerly seizing the opportunity, presented the baby to his notice. "Please, your excel-

lency, here's a bairn that's called after you!" Washington, whose kind nature was not averse to such approaches, laid his hand upon the head of the child and blessed it. "That blessing," said Washington Irving, long after, "I have reason to believe has attended me through life."

Young Irving was not at all precocious during his early school days. He was never a robust child, and all the stories of his boyhood life bear out the statement that his early schoolmasters did not predict for him a very brilliant career. Coming home one day, he told his mother, "The madam says I am a dunce; isn't it a pity?" But he does not seem to have been at all heartbroken over her judgment. His ill health continued, and prevented him from entering Columbia College, which he would have entered if his health had permitted. He passed through life with little knowledge of Latin and practically no knowledge of Greek. His home education in English literature was, however, much more thorough. He read Chaucer and Spenser, Addison and Goldsmith, and the other worthies who belonged to the English classics of that day. There was nothing of the contemporary literature of the time specially to arouse his intellectual appetite. It was before the days when Dickens was stirring up the boys in the English-speaking world. It is probable that

Addison and the other writers whom I have mentioned, together with Dr. Johnson, had more to do than anyone else in fashioning and giving tone to Irving's style as a writer. His first production of which we have any knowledge was written at the age of nineteen, "The Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle," a series of papers on the follies and habits of New York which he contributed to the *Morning Chronicle*, a political daily newspaper which had been recently started by his elder brother, Dr. Peter Irving. These papers are lively and humorous productions; and though, of course, they do not equal the polish of the author's later style, yet they are certainly remarkable for their ease and finish. The young fellow had made the right start, and felt already the spur of his genius.

Soon after this he made a journey to Europe, induced by symptoms of ill health. At this time, and for some years after, Irving was threatened with pulmonary difficulties. Indeed, the likeness painted by Jarvis, in his early manhood, bears painful evidence of this type of constitution. He lived to outgrow it entirely. There can be no more pleasing contrast than a glance at the brilliant prime of Irving, as shown by the pencil of Newton and Leslie, by the side of the melancholy portrait by Jarvis. His European tour carried him to France, Italy, Switzerland, and England.

An acquaintance with Washington Allston, the charming and refined American artist at Rome, half persuaded him to turn his attention to painting, for which he had considerable taste and inclination. The pursuit, amid the beauties and glories of the arts in the Eternal City, was very fascinating to his imagination. "For two or three days," he said, "the idea took full possession of my mind; but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces and statues, and fountains and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise. My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospects; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston, and turning painter."

The law was the rather unattractive alternative, and to the law for a while the young enthusiast returned. He read law with Judge

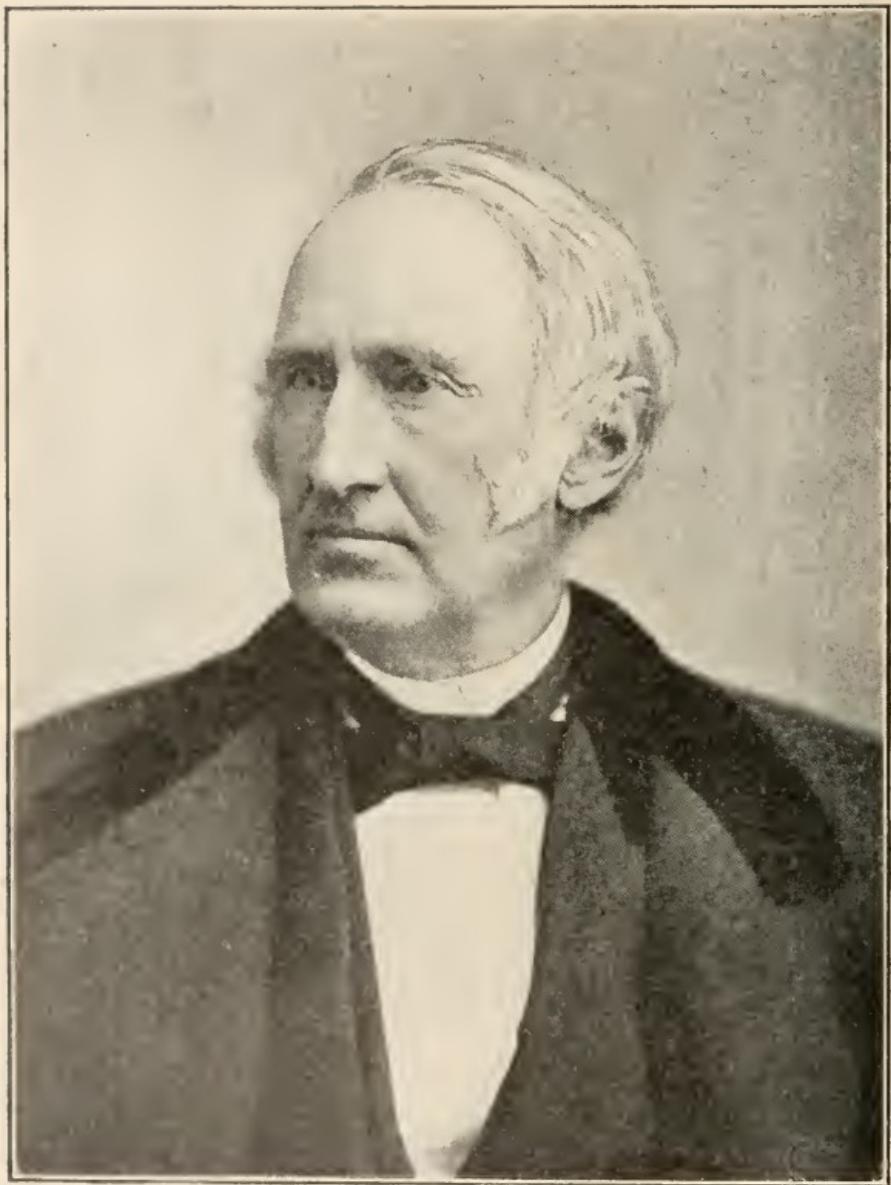
Hoffman in New York after an absence abroad of two years, and hung out his attorney's sign after he was admitted to practice; but there is no record of any pursuit of his profession. The very year after his admission to the bar there appeared in New York the first number of *Salmagundi; or, The Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Others*, a small publication of twenty pages, which was destined to make its mark upon the town and attract the notice of a wider circle. This sportive journal was the production of three clever-witted young fellows—Washington Irving, his elder brother, William, the verse-maker of the fraternity, and James K. Paulding, who also then first rose to notice in this little constellation. New York was not at that time too large to be under the control of a skillful, genial satirist. Compared with the huge metropolis of the present day, it was only a big family, where everybody of any consequence was known not only by name but by sight by everybody else. A postman could run all over town in an hour. One church bell could ring loud enough to call all its inhabitants to prayer if they were so inclined. There was only one amusement house in the city. The city, in fact, while large enough to afford material for and shelter a humorist with some degree of privacy, was, so far as society was concerned, a very man-

ageable, convenient instrument to play upon. The genial young wits of *Salmagundi* touched the strings cunningly, and the whole town with agitated nerves contributed to the music. The humors of fashion, dress, the public balls, the militia displays, the elections, in turn yielded their sport; while graver touches of pathos and sketches of character were interposed, of lasting interest. There are passages in *Salmagundi* of feeling, humor, and description which the writers hardly surpassed in later years. It was the beginning, in America, of polite literature.

Salmagundi closed at the end of the year, with its twentieth number, and was shortly succeeded by the famous *History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker. But now we are encroaching on manhood, for, though Irving was still young, the philosophic Knickerbocker takes him out of youth and its experiments and adventures into the larger and more triumphant struggle of manhood.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS was born in a mansion on Beacon Hill, in Boston. Like Daniel Webster he was the youngest of a large family. When the cloud of war was hanging over the nation. November 29, 1811, young Wendell came to the happy fireside of John and Sally Phillips.

The youth of young Phillips was surrounded by all the advantages which could be given by acknowledged social position, abundant wealth, and a home of truest culture. The Phillips home was one of wise discipline. One of the rules which John Phillips enforced in his house, and which he gave to all his children, was this: "Ask no man to do for you anything that you are not able and willing to do for yourself." Wendell Phillips in later life held himself to be greatly indebted to such wise lessons, which built up in him a manly self-reliance.

Mrs. Phillips was a very devout Christian woman, and a great lover of the Bible, and the young boy received from her his early religious impressions. As a boy, she inculcated in him simplicity and earnest sincerity, and encouraged that remarkable disposition to stand by

the right which afterward developed itself with such force and made him the strong man that he was.

When Wendell Phillips was fourteen years old there was a great revival of religion in Boston. He went one night to Park Street Church and heard Lyman Beecher preach. It was a heart-searching sermon which took hold of the boy's conscience, and made him feel as he never had felt before his responsibility to God. He went back to his Beacon Street home, went up to his room, and locking the door he threw himself down on his face on the floor, and there in humility before God he made the first great choice of his life, and promised that henceforth he would, if the divine strength was given him, do the right always, without fear.

Wendell Phillips was always a large, fine-looking boy for his age. He was prepared for college in the Boston Latin School, and entered Harvard at sixteen. Phillips and Motley, the historian, were classmates and were warm personal friends. They both ranked high among their fellows on account of their manly beauty, elegant manners, fine scholarship, and acknowledged social position.

There was nothing in the college life of Wendell Phillips to suggest the future reformer. He gave some attention to athletics, was a boxer and fencer, and acquired fair skill

in both departments of this manly art. He was never known to be in the opposition; and never got into any trouble on account of his dissent from the opinions of others. During his entire college course there was never anything in his career to suggest his being a radical, either in politics or in social life. Indeed, on the contrary, after having been elected president of the "Hasty-Pudding Club," he was made president of another exclusive society known as the "Gentleman's Club." He had so little interest in reform that he succeeded in defeating the first proposition to establish a temperance society at Harvard—not much of a prophesy in that of the man who was afterward to run for governor of Massachusetts on the Prohibition ticket.

In later years Wendell Phillips was often considered sarcastic and critical and harsh. But of his college life a classmate said, "Whenever we are abusing a fellow Phillips always finds something good to say of him." No people were so astonished as Wendell Phillips's classmates when he joined the anti-slavery movement.

Phillips rarely read speeches while at Harvard, and seemed to have no taste for oratory. He, however, enjoyed debate, and never failed to get into one if he had a chance. His favorite study was history.

"But," said Wendell Phillips one day, in

speaking of his college life, "if I had followed my own bent I should have given my time to mechanics or history; and my mother used to say that when I became a lawyer a good carpenter was spoiled."

After his admission to the bar Phillips hired desk room in an office on Court Street, in Boston, and displayed his sign. Weeks and months crept on; but for him it was the old story of "a good calling, but no clients." But luckily for him there was no starving time, and he was at liberty to seek recreation and enjoyment in the interesting things that were happening in the world. One of his early friends says of this time:

"I remember a year or so after we left the university I met Mr. Phillips on the street; and I asked him if he were getting any clients. He said no, he was not. I told him the case was much the same with me, and added that I was much surprised to hear of his ill success.

"Well," said he, "I will wait six months more; and then, if clients do not come, I will not wait for them longer, but will throw myself heart and soul into some good cause, and devote my life to it if necessary."

The good cause was coming on apace. There was then a man in Boston named William Lloyd Garrison. He was fighting for the slave, and against great odds. He was in advance of

his time. No one was ready to stand by him. He went one day to Dr. Lyman Beecher and urged him to take up the cause. Beecher said:

"I have too many irons in the fire already."

"Then, you had better let all your irons burn than neglect your duty to the slave," was Garrison's answer.

Garrison had started his paper, *The Liberator*, and was slowly but fearlessly making himself felt, when one day there came an explosion. An antislavery meeting was being held under the auspices of some women. Such threats had been made that the city authorities had been petitioned to protect them. The mayor came to their meeting, and told them they were disturbers of the peace and he could do nothing for them. As the meeting was closing a well-dressed mob of rioters rushed into the hall. Garrison was present. He was dragged to the window, and the rioters were about to throw him out when a man with more conscience interfered. They drew him back and coiled a rope around his body, preparing him to be dragged through the streets of Boston. He was dragged bareheaded, and with his garments torn, into State Street, in the rear of City Hall (now the "Old State House").

Seated by his study window in Court Street, Wendell Phillips, the young Boston lawyer, all of whose days had been surrounded by luxury and culture, glancing up from the pages of his

book, and out into the thoroughfare, caught sight of an unusual crowd of people. Men were hurrying toward the City Hall as fast as their feet could carry them; children were shouting at the top of their voices; and now and then a woman joined in the rush. What was the matter?

Prompted by curiosity, young Phillips laid aside his book, got his hat, and hurried out into the street. With quick steps he pushed his way through the crowd toward the City Hall. There he saw a thousand men and more clothed in broadcloth like himself, men who by their dress and appearance were as respectable as himself, dragging a man, dirty and bleeding, with clothing torn, and a rope around his waist.

"Who is that man?" inquired Phillips.

"William Lloyd Garrison," replied a man at his elbow.

At once his heart was filled with indignation at the brutality and lawlessness of the proceeding. All his love for personal liberty, which was a part of his inheritance, descending with his blood from a long line of noble ancestors, cried out against the horrid sight.

He noticed the mayor entreating the crowd to maintain order and peace, but took note of the fact that it was only pleading and not commands which he uttered. Phillips himself belonged to a military society, and held a com-

mission in a Suffolk regiment. He looked about him, and there within reach of his hand stood the colonel of that regiment looking on at the mob like himself.

"Colonel," said Phillips, "why not call out the Guards? Let us offer our services to the mayor."

"You fool!" replied the colonel, pointing to the crowd that surged and pressed before them, "don't you see that the regiment is in front of you?"

Phillips saw that this was true. There in front of him in that surging mob were merchants and doctors and lawyers, men from the colleges and those who were supposed to represent the best sentiments of the State of Massachusetts.

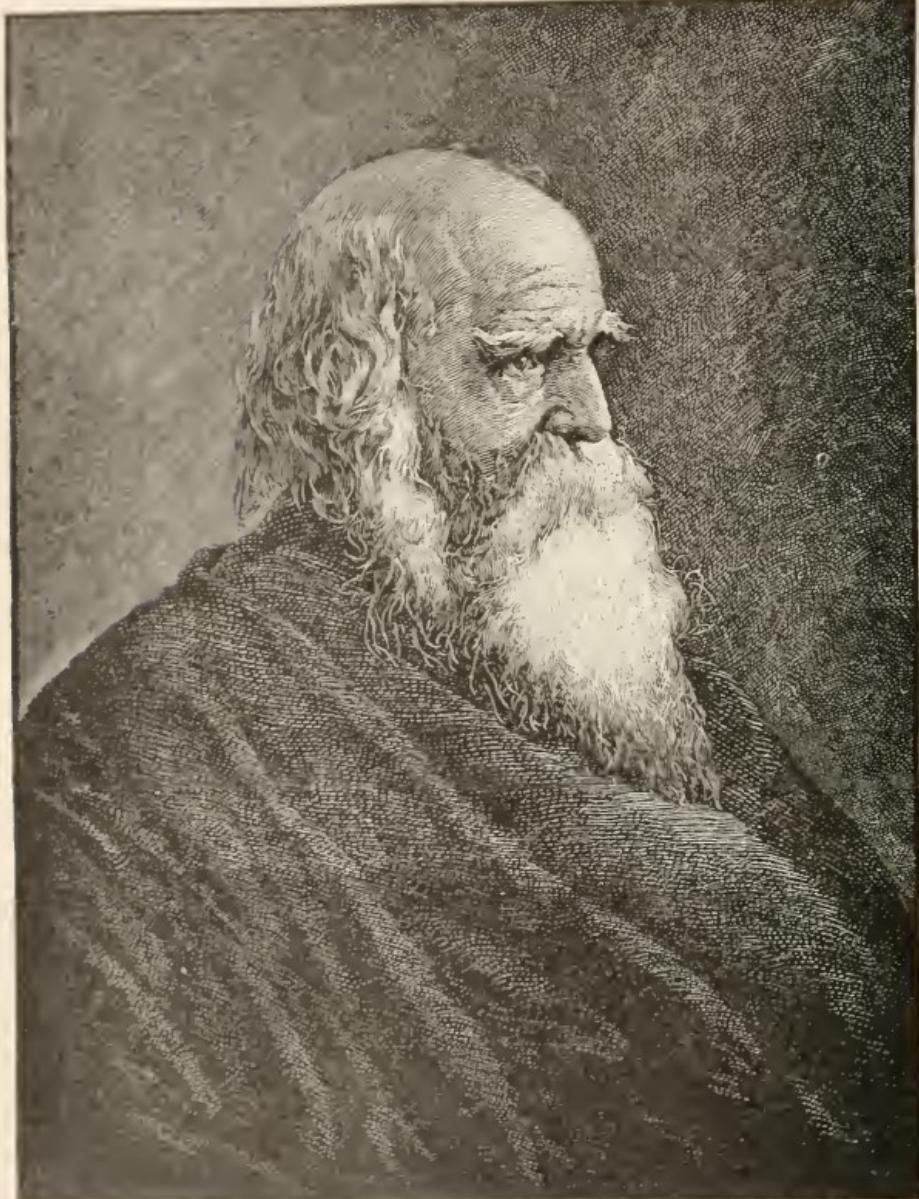
Wendell Phillips had come down from his office that day still a dilettant young man of culture, a lawyer without clients, a cultivated gentleman without a purpose. He went back to his office a new man. He was no longer without a purpose. That sight had done what years of ordinary living could not have accomplished. Phillips was born again, and from now on was the reformer.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born to literature. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was not only a man of high character and attainments, but was well versed in literature and science and devoted himself with singular fidelity to the development of the gifts of his son. His mother also was a woman of brilliant mind and beautiful character.

Dr. Peter Bryant, the father, though never known to fame as such, was himself a poetic spirit, and it was from his veins the young poet drew the heavenly stream. Bryant says in his autobiography :

“My father delighted in poetry, and in his library were the works of most of the eminent English poets. He wrote verses himself, mostly humorous and satirical. He was not unskilled in Latin poetry, in which the odes of Horace were his favorites. He was fond of music, played on the violin, and I remember hearing him say that he once made a bass viol —for he was very ingenious in the use of tools —and played upon it.

“He was of a mild and indulgent temper, somewhat silent, though not hesitating in conversation, and never expatiated at much

length on any subject. His patients generally paid him whatever they pleased, if ever so little, so that he could not by any means be called a thriving man. In one respect he did not stint himself: he always dressed well. . . . He had a certain metropolitan air."

Few children have shown such taste for literature and such precocity concerning it as young Bryant. At the age of ten he was a contributor of verses to the neighboring *Hampshire Gazette*, his childhood home being in Hampshire County, Mass. Two ministers, the Rev. Mr. Snell, of Brookfield, and the Rev. Mr. Hallock, of Greenfield, Mass., served as his instructors, and under their care he was prepared for Williams College, which he entered as a sophomore in his sixteenth year, in 1810. The year previous to this, when he was in his fifteenth year, there appeared a thin little pamphlet of poems from his pen, at Boston, entitled *The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times. A Satire. The second edition, corrected and enlarged, together with the Spanish Revolution, and other poems.* The preface to the leading poem bears date, Cummington, October 25, 1808, and the rest are dated still earlier. The poems, therefore, were written before the author had completed his fourteenth year, a remarkable instance of early poetical cultivation, when we consider both the subject-matter of the poems and their

execution. "The Embargo: a Satire," was a political poem written from the point of view of a Federalist, and making a sharp attack on Thomas Jefferson, who was then President. It was, of course, saying in his own way what was in the air at the time, but that a mere boy should put all this feeling of the times into three or four hundred good set verses is something very remarkable. The critics of a literary monthly of Boston, entitled *Monthly Anthology*, refused to believe the statement of the extreme youth of the writer, and when the second edition came out a special certificate was appended vouching for the fact that his age had been given correctly. That incident is perhaps without a parallel in literature.

At college young Bryant was distinguished, as might have been anticipated, by his fondness for the classics. He did not, however, pursue his studies to the close of the course at Williamsburg, Mass., but left with an honorable dismissal with the intention of completing this portion of his education at Yale. From this he was diverted to the immediate study of the law. But, though he was admitted to the bar, the law had no more fascination for Bryant than it had for Washington Irving, and his legal studies were but an interesting episode in his career.

Of course, the most interesting feature of Bryant's youth was the fact that through all

his boyhood and early manhood he was ever the poet. In 1816 there appeared in the *North American Review* what is perhaps to this day the most popularly known of his productions, the lines entitled "Thanatopsis." They were written four years before, when the poet was but eighteen. Their lofty declamation, on the most solemn of all themes, still find an echo in the hearts of men and women, and cannot cease to do so, so long as life continues to be devoured by death. It is one of the most widely known poems in the English language. It is recited by schoolboys, and found in popular collections as universally in England as in America. Perhaps no poem that was ever written, with the exception of the twenty-third psalm, has been more frequently quoted in the last half century, in the pulpit and in great orations of solemn import, than Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It may be doubted if any poet who ever wrote has given a sublimer setting to one of the great incentives to manly endeavor:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We may well believe the story of the fond father, though, like many New Englanders of the time, "a somewhat stern and silent man," that he melted into tears at the recital of these verses. It is still more remarkable that this poem does not by any means stand alone at this early period, the dawn of the poet's career. The "Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood" was written the year after, in 1813. It is in the same easy, sonorous, well-modulated blank verse, and stands as a prelude to many of the author's subsequent poems, which have drawn a genuine inspiration from that woodland—a real American forest, with all its peculiarities of light and foliage, of rock and rivulet, its rustling leaves, its busy animal life, and the minstrelsy of the winds. The wealth of his imagination, and the fidelity of it, as well as his poetic gift are beautifully illustrated in this poem:

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Felt, it is true, upon the unsinning earth.

But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to Guilt
Her pale tormentor, Misery. Hence, these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick root
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild flower seems to enjoy
Existence than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathed fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
Un greeted, and shall give its light embrace."

That such a poem could have been written by a boy of nineteen seems almost impossible, and yet the truth of the date is beyond question. The "Lines to a Waterfowl," which is regarded by many as the most delicate and poetic of all his writing, followed but a little

later. The closing stanza of that poem has comforted many a voyager on life's uncertain journey:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

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GILBERT STUART

GILBERT STUART, the renowned American artist, was born in Rhode Island in a little house by the side of a brook which flowed into Petaquainscott Pond, in the Narragansett country. The old house, up to a few years ago, had never been altered other than that the wheel that once ground snuff for the many now grinds corn for its sparsely settled neighborhood. The father of Gilbert Stuart was a snuff grinder, but about the time Gilbert was coming to the days of remembrance the mother insisted that they should remove to Newport, where the son could have the benefit of proper schools. Up to this time Mrs. Stuart had been the lad's only teacher. From her he had acquired the rudiments of learning, and although unacquainted with Latin, and therefore unable to teach the language, she created such a desire in his mind to master it that he soon made himself familiar with it when opportunity offered.

In Newport a scholarly preacher, the Rev. George Bissit, took an interest in the lad, and under the instruction of this good man he made great progress, and soon became a Latin scholar. But it was hard work for him to

study—his spirits were too buoyant for that; he was too fond of pranks—all sorts of mischief that boys are prone to, and which often makes them hard to manage; and, moreover, he had another love, which claimed more than a share of his attention. He could curb his inclination for mischief for the moment; was willing to give up a portion of his time to books, for he saw the need of it; but his fondness for drawing he could not suppress, nor did he attempt it.

No portfolio of Stuart's early drawings has been preserved, for he had no portfolio. No record has been made of his early efforts—no record could be made, for the first brush of a sleeve, the first passing shower, effaced what he had sketched with chalk or charcoal on a fence, a slab, or a tailboard.

In these early drawings there was no attempt at anything more than the merest outline, and in work of this kind there could be little that was improving; but it was to him a delight, and at last he came to feel that he could be, must be, a painter. Then the happy day came when he had colors, a palette, and—when he could find them—sitters. The earliest product of his pencil, so far as is known, is a picture owned by Thomas R. Hunter, Esq., of Newport, R. I., a couple of Spanish dogs. The history of the picture is quite interesting:

Dr. William Hunter, who came to America in 1752, had attained to a high position in his profession, and practiced medicine over a wide circuit of country having Newport for its center. During a professional visit at the house of Gilbert Stuart he asked Mrs. Stuart who made all the drawings in chalk and charcoal on the sides of the barn. She replied by pointing to her son, with whom the doctor at once entered into conversation. Before leaving, the doctor made the lad promise, the boy's mother having given her consent, that he would come to see him on Election Day, and make him a visit. The boy was true to his engagement, and the doctor, interested in the young sketcher, gave him brushes and colors, and bade him paint a picture of the two dogs that were lying on the floor under a table. Stuart at once entered upon the work, and while engaged in painting the picture remained a guest in the house of Dr. Hunter.

At the age of thirteen Stuart met with encouragement in the form of an order for two portraits—likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. John Bannister, of Newport. The Bannisters were then prominent in Newport, and were large landowners. These portraits are now in the Redwood Library. They are not remarkable as pictures, but the facts connected with them make them interesting. That they were like the sitters cannot be doubted; for a very beau-

tifully painted miniature of Bannister, of an earlier date, in a similar scarlet coat, and showing the same cast of features, may still be seen in Newport.

At the age of sixteen Stuart painted a portrait of his father, but what became of it is not known. It had a place in the collection of Stuart's pictures exhibited in Boston soon after the artist's death, but since then all record of it has been lost.

In 1770 Stuart had the friendly advice for the first time of one qualified to help him in his art study. That year there came to America an artist by the name of Cosmo Alexander. But little is known of him other than his name. That he was a gentleman was clear—a man who was not only fond of art, but who had made some progress as a painter. He remained in the New World about two years, visiting during that time many places of interest, but spending the larger part of his stay in Newport. While there Stuart came under his notice, and seeing evidence of skill in the young man he gave him all the instruction he was capable of, in the way of his art. Young Stuart was quick to catch the slightest hint where his art was concerned, and made such rapid progress that Alexander, when he returned to England, took him with him, promising to put him in the way to learn all that related to his profession. He would without

doubt have kept this promise if he had lived, but, unfortunately, he died soon after reaching Edinburgh. In his last moments he commended Stuart to the care of his friend, Sir George Chambers. But here a new misfortune befell Stuart, for Sir George quickly followed Alexander to the grave. Stuart was thus cast suddenly and unexpectedly upon his own resources, and these were slight indeed, for he had not attained to sufficient skill in his profession to win his way satisfactorily. Sir George Chambers, before his death, had found an opening for him in the University of Glasgow, where he was studying diligently to make good the defects in his education. But, lacking the necessary means for his support, he could not long remain there. With his brush he could earn enough to meet his own simple wants, but not enough to dress as did his fellow-students; and, keenly feeling the annoyances growing out of his position, he abandoned the pursuit, and thought only of returning to America. He made the voyage home in a collier, bound for Nova Scotia, and perhaps no lad ever suffered more in body and spirit. So painful was the impression made upon him while shut up in the vessel that he could never after be induced to speak of it.

Stuart had been absent two years, and although his experience had been a hard one he

had acquired a great deal of information. He had seen better pictures than he could see at home, and had been brought into contact with men of established reputations. Thirsting for knowledge, and quick to understand what he saw in the work of others, he felt that he was better prepared than he otherwise could have been to appear before his countrymen as a portrait painter.

That his merits were recognized at this early period is evident, for he was soon called upon to paint the portraits of some of the wealthy Jews in Rhode Island; one picture of a rabbi, whole length, supposed to be still extant somewhere in New York, has been spoken of in particular. Among the portraits painted at that time were those of the Lopez family. He had also many other orders. "His uncle, Mr. Anthony, of Philadelphia," says Dr. Waterhouse, "was proud of his ingenious nephew, and employed him to paint a portrait of himself, and his wife and children." This led to other commissions, and, for one so young, he had already been very successful, particularly when we take into consideration the times.

But while so engaged Stuart did not forget or neglect to study drawing from the life; and, the better to understand what he felt to be of the utmost importance, he and his friend Waterhouse clubbed together and hired a

"strong-muscled blacksmith" as a model, paying him half a dollar an evening.

All this was very pleasant, and very profitable; but the disturbed state of the times began to make it difficult to obtain sitters; war seemed inevitable, and the chances were that if there was an open rupture between England and America there would be no possibility of his again visiting Europe for a long time. He had tasted of the waters that as yet were beyond his reach, and nothing short of a fuller and more complete knowledge of art as practiced abroad could satisfy him. He had an intense desire to study under West, his countryman, and so, with but one letter of introduction in his pocket, he embarked on board the last ship that escaped detention in Boston Harbor, in the spring of 1775, and sailed for Great Britain.

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ROBERT FULTON

ROBERT FULTON was born in a farmhouse in 1765. Down to his eighth year he was educated at home. His mother taught him to read and write, but his penmanship was limited in possibilities. He also had a slight knowledge of arithmetic, and very early in life he showed an aptness for drawing. In 1773 he was sent to school in Lancaster, Pa., where he was taught by Caleb Johnson, a dignified Quaker, who soon pronounced young Fulton a dull pupil. He was backward with his lessons and frequently reproved, but it was soon ascertained that he was by no means idle. He cared less for books than for his pencil, and during the time allotted for recreation he often spent hours over drawings.

Robert had a fondness for the shops of the mechanics, where he was heartily welcomed; with his taste for drawing, and his quickness in mechanical work, he often rendered practical aid to persons much older than himself.

A few anecdotes of his school days are preserved in the histories and traditions of Lancaster. One day his teacher reproved him for neglecting his books, and the reproof was ad-

ministered after the manner of "the old masters"—with a ferule on the knuckle. Robert straightened himself, folded his arms, and then said to Mr. Johnson, "Sir, I came here to have something beat into my head and not into my hand."

On another occasion he came late, and when the teacher asked the reason Robert answered that he had been at Mr. Miller's shop pounding out lead to make a pencil. In proof of his statement he exhibited the pencil, and said it was the best he ever had in his life; the teacher approved it, and gave the youth some words of encouragement, and in a few days nearly all the other pupils were supplied with pencils of the same kind. It is said that when Mr. Johnson once urged him to give more attention to his studies the boy answered that his head was "so full of original notions that there was no room to store away the contents of dusty books." As he did not spend his time in idleness, there is no doubt of the sincerity of his statement, and his devotion to mechanical works shows what was the natural bent of his mind.

In 1778, when Robert was thirteen years old, the following notice was published in Lancaster:

"The excessive heat of the weather, the present scarcity of candles, and other considerations, induce the council to recommend to the

inhabitants to forbear illuminating the city on Saturday evening next, July 4."

Like other patriotic youths, Robert Fulton had prepared for the illumination, and had a quantity of candles ready. As soon as the notice appeared he went to the shop of Mr. Fisher and asked to exchange his candles for powder. Mr. Fisher asked why he wished to part with the candles, which were scarce and dear. The boy answered that he was a good citizen, and wanted to respect the request of the council, who did not wish the streets and windows illuminated. He would not use the candles for the purpose they were originally intended, but would illuminate the heavens with skyrockets.

After obtaining the powder he bought some sheets of pasteboard at another shop, and asked that the sheets might be left open as he wished to roll them in his own way. On being questioned by the shopkeeper he gave the same explanation he had given to Mr. Fisher. The pasteboard dealer laughed, and said it was an impossibility to shoot candles through the air in the way he proposed.

"No, sir," Robert answered, "there is nothing impossible."

He made the rockets, which were fairly successful, and succeeded in astonishing the good people of Lancaster, who had never seen anything of the kind.

In the summer of 1779, when Robert Fulton was fourteen years of age, he used to go on fishing excursions to the Conestoga with young Christopher Gumpf and his father Deter Gumpf. The old gentleman had a small flatboat, which he had kept secured to the trunk of a tree by a chain and padlock for his own accommodation. He generally required the boys to pole the boat from place to place in the creek during the fishing. Returning home one evening, Robert observed to Christopher that he was very tired using that pole, and Christopher agreed with him that it was very hard work.

Immediately following this Robert went to Britain township for a few days' visit at his aunt's, and while there he planned and completed a small working model of a fishing boat with paddle wheels. On leaving his aunt's he placed the model in the garret, with the request that it should not be destroyed. Many years afterward that simple model was the attraction of friends, and became, instead of lumber in the garret, an ornament in the aunt's parlor, who prized it highly. That model was the result of Robert's fishing excursions with Christopher Gumpf; and when he returned from his aunt's he told Christopher that he must make a set of paddles to work at the side of the boat to be operated by a double crank, and then they could propel the

old gentleman's fishing boat with greater ease. Two arms or pieces of timber were then fastened together at right angles, with a paddle at each end, and the crank was attached to the boat across it near the stern, with the paddle operating on a pivot as a rudder; and Fulton's first invention was tried on the Conestoga River, opposite Rockford, in the presence of Deter and Christopher Gumpf. The boys were so pleased with the experiment that they hid the paddles in the bushes on the shore, lest others might use and break them, and attached them to the boat whenever they chose; and they thus enjoyed very many fishing excursions.

There are many other anecdotes of this early period in Fulton's life which show that the boy was constantly occupied with mechanical projects, some of them quite visionary in their character and others of practical value. During all these years his skill in drawing kept his pencil in active use. His boyhood was in the time of the Revolutionary War, and young Fulton was a most ardent American. He had a genius for caricature, and employed it in making grotesque sketches of the Hessian soldiers who were stationed at Lancaster for the protection of the Tory inhabitants and the suppression of the patriots. In the neighborhood of the camping ground of the soldiers there was generally quite an assemblage of the

townspeople. Daily, about sunset, there were fights between the Whig and Tory boys. These collisions became so frequent that a rope was stretched across the street as a sort of neutral line, and if either party ventured beyond that rope, there was sure to be trouble.

Robert Fulton made a sketch of the spot, and drew upon his imagination sufficiently to represent the patriot boys crossing the rope and thrashing the Tories. When his picture was complete he showed it in the workshops, where it attracted much attention. It did more, as it gave a hint to the loyal American boys which they proceeded to act upon. The very next evening, after the exhibition of the sketch, they jumped the rope and brought on a fight of such a serious character that the town authorities interfered and prohibited all gatherings of the same kind in the future. The instigator of the performance did not have an active hand in it—not from any personal reluctance, but because he had promised his mother that he would not. A few of his sketches at this period are still in existence, but the most of them fell into Tory hands and were destroyed.

As he grew older it became necessary for young Fulton to choose a permanent occupation. He was more fond of the pencil and brush than of anything else, and his ambition turned him in the direction of art. The cele-

berated American painter, Benjamin West, was a native of the county adjoining the one in which Fulton was born, and his father was an intimate friend of Robert Fulton, Sr. West had become very famous, and was now the favorite artist of George III of England. There is little doubt that his success had greatly stimulated Robert Fulton's desire to be an artist.

Having made up his mind to follow art for a livelihood, Robert, at the age of seventeen, left Lancaster for Philadelphia, where he hoped to secure sufficient teaching to fit himself to do successful work. He was very industrious and painstaking, and his industry was soon rewarded. He made many friends, among them Benjamin Franklin and other men of prominence, and through these friends his occupation became remunerative during the first year of his stay in Philadelphia.

In the Philadelphia directory for 1785 the curious reader pauses at the following line:

"Robert Fulton, Miniature Painter, Corner of Second and Walnut Street."

He was more than a miniature painter, however, though it was from that favorite branch of the art that he chiefly gained his livelihood. He painted portraits, landscapes, and allegorical pieces such as were popular at the time. He made drawings of machinery, buildings, and carriages, and, indeed, accepted

gladly all sorts of artistic work that came to him.

In the four years between Robert's seventeenth and his twenty-first birthday he not only supported himself, but sent occasional help to his mother and sisters, and at their urgent invitation he decided to spend the date of his majority at home. With true nobility of spirit he celebrated his twenty-first birthday by purchasing a farm of eighty-four acres of land, which he presented to his mother as a home for her declining years. And he had enough left from his earnings to carry him to Europe, where he went on the advice and at the invitation of Benjamin West.

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SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

THE inventor of the telegraph, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, was descended from ancestors distinguished for intelligence, energy, independence of thinking, genuine pluck, and noble integrity.

Young Morse saw Puritanism at its best. Parental discipline in the Morse household was not severe, but genuine religion, which sweetened and beautified the family life and which was taught not only as the basis of right action but the source of the highest enjoyment, pervaded the home life like an atmosphere.

The boy who was "to put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes," thus realizing Shakespeare's dream, was sent when he was four years of age to a school kept by an old lady. She was an invalid, and unable to leave her chair. She was known as "Old Ma'am Rand." Her school was in a small building opposite the public schoolhouse. She governed her unruly little flock with a long rattan, which reached across the small room in which they were gathered. One of her punishments was pinning the young culprits to her own dress. The first essays at painting, or, rather,

drawing, of the young artist were quite discouraging; for he, unfortunately, had selected the old lady's face as his model, a chest of drawers for his canvas, and a pin for his pencil. We do not know how successful he was in this his first attempt, but his reward was an attachment by a large pin to the old lady's dress. In his struggles to get free the dress parted and was dragged to a distant part of the room, but not out of reach of the terrible rattan, which descended vigorously on his devoted head.

"Old Ma'am Rand" must have had something in her, however, as a teacher, for at seven years of age young Morse was ready to be sent to a preparatory school, and at fourteen he was admitted to the freshman class in Yale. Although through his college course, and for many years after, Samuel Morse's great specialty was painting, and his chief ambition to become an artist, he early began to show an interest in the studies which led to his immortal invention. While he was a sophomore in college he wrote home to his parents this interesting note:

"A remarkable phenomenon appeared here a few days ago. A meteor passed some distance from the town and burst in Fairfield County; large pieces of stone were contained in it, and lay scattered around a number of miles. Mr. Silliman went with Mr. Kingsley

to see a piece of this stone; he applied a magnet to it, and by its attraction found it to contain iron. The explosion was very loud; it was heard here in New Haven while the students were in at prayers; I heard it at the same time. I will try and obtain a piece of the stone of Mr. Silliman, and keep it to bring home for a curiosity."

After graduation young Morse, still having an ambition for a great career as an artist, went abroad to study. In his first letter home there is a paragraph which seems almost prophetic of his great invention, which was not to come for many years. After announcing to his parents his safety he says:

"I only wish you had this letter now to relieve your minds from anxiety, for while I am writing I can imagine mother wishing that she could hear of my arrival and thinking of thousands of accidents which may have befallen me. I wish that in an instant I could communicate the information; but three thousand miles are not passed over in an instant, and we must wait four long weeks before we can hear from each other."

On the outside of this letter, yellow with age, is written in his own hand with pencil, but at what date is unknown, probably toward the end of his life, these words: "Longing for a telegraph even in this letter."

About this time young Morse made a very

happy friendship with Washington Allston, who introduced him to Benjamin West, himself a great American artist, and then in the height of his fame. Morse has given us some striking pictures of the fidelity of West as an instructor. He says that on one occasion, anxious to appear in the most favorable light before West, he had occupied himself for two weeks in making a finished drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules. Mr. West, after strict scrutiny for some minutes, and giving the young artist many commendations, handed it again to him, saying, "Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it."

"It is finished," replied Morse.

"O no," said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here," pointing to many unfinished places which had escaped the untutored eye of the young student. No sooner were they pointed out, however, than they were felt, and a week longer was devoted to a more careful finishing of the drawing, until, full of confidence, he again presented it to the critical eyes of Mr. West. Still more encouraging and flattering expressions were lavished upon the drawing, but on returning it the advice was again given, "Very well, indeed, sir; go on and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Morse, almost discouraged.

"Not yet," replied West; "see, you have not

marked that muscle nor the articulations of the finger joints."

Determined not to be answered by the constant "Go and finish it" of Mr. West, Morse again diligently spent three or four days re-touching and renewing his drawing, resolved, if possible, to elicit from his severe critic an acknowledgment that it was at length finished. He was not, however, more successful than before; the drawing was acknowledged to be exceedingly good—"very clever, indeed;" but all its praises were closed by the repetition of the advice, "Well, sir, go and finish it."

"I cannot finish it," said Morse, almost in despair.

"Well," answered West, "I have tried you long enough. Now, sir, you have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished beginnings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one, which makes a thorough draughtsman. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

At this time Benjamin West was painting his "Christ Rejected." Young Morse called on him one day when he was needing a model for the hands of the Saviour. The old gentleman went over to him and began a critical examination of the young man's hands, and at length said, "Let me tie you with this cord, and take that place while I paint in the hands

of our Saviour." Morse, of course, complied; and when West finished his work, and was releasing him, he said, "You may say now, if you please, you had a hand in this picture."

Morse, who was throughout his entire life a most reverent and devout Christian, afterward said that no words could describe the feeling which came over him at the thought that even in that small way he was standing in the place of his divine Lord.

On returning to America, in 1816, the young artist set up a studio in Boston. There his picture, "The Judgment of Jupiter" was opened for exhibition. The fame of the young artist had preceded him, and hundreds of people went to see a picture by the favored pupil of Allston and West. He set up his easel with the confident expectation that his fame and his work would bring him orders and money. But, though he had many invitations to dinner by the wealthiest citizens of Boston, an entire year dragged its weary length along without a single offer for his picture or one order for an historical work. His mind was too active and earnest for such a life as this. In the evenings at home he meditated an invention by which a great improvement could be made in the common pump, and one that could be adapted to the forcing-pump in the fire engine. His brother, Sidney E. Morse, two years younger than he, entered into the

project with him, and they completed the invention and secured a patent. This was the beginning of his life as an inventor.

No doubt if he had found great success as a painter, so that his time had been fully occupied, the greatest gift of all which God had bestowed upon him for the blessing of the world would have lain dormant, like the man in the Gospel who hid his talent in a napkin. And so, as in many other cases in history, the greatest blessing that came in the life of Samuel Morse was received through bitter disappointment and defeat.

HIRAM POWERS

HIRAM POWERS, the great American sculptor, though born in Vermont in 1805, was taken by his father at the age of fourteen on the long journey to Ohio, where they settled near Cincinnati on a farm. Unhappily, it was badly located in the neighborhood of a marsh, the miasma from which affected the whole family with fever, causing the death of the father. The family was, in consequence of this double disaster, broken up and scattered. Hiram, the future sculptor, was disabled by his illness, and incapacitated for work for a year. At length he obtained a situation in a produce store in Cincinnati, his business being to watch the wagons that came into town bringing wheat and whisky, and direct them to his employer, and afterward roll the barrels in and out of the building. He continued this employment until the firm broke up and he was forced to look elsewhere for a livelihood.

At last he fell in with a worthy man who was a clockmaker and organ builder. This man employed him in collecting bad debts in the surrounding country. Mounted on an old horse, in what was rather an adventurous pur-

suit in those days in the West, young Powers was so successful that, after collecting the debts, his employer proposed to set him at work in the clock and organ factory. Hiram could afford to refuse no proposition that promised him bread and clothes, for he was often walking the street hungry, with his arms pressed close to his side to conceal the holes in his coat sleeves. So he went into the shop, and the master gave him some brass plates to thin down with the file. They were parts of the stops of an organ he was building, and required to be very nicely leveled and polished; but his business was only to prepare them for the finisher; the boss was to come in, after a day or two, and see how he got along.

Now, young Powers had always had a mechanical turn, and had whittled out a great many toys, and made a great many pewter guns in boyhood. He took hold, therefore, of the brass plates and the files with a confidence that he could surprise his employer; and, although he blistered his hands badly, he stuck to them with a will. His employer did not look in for several days, and when he did come several plates were already finished. He took one up and cast his eye along it, then put it upon a level table and cast his eye under it, and, finally, bringing it down face to face with another of the plates, lifted that up by more cohesive attraction. The organ builder

said nothing to Powers, but, calling in his head workman, he cried, "Here, Joe, is the way I want them plates finished!" The truth was the boy at once greatly surpassed the finisher at his own business, by mere nicety of eye and determination of spirit. From that moment his employer took him into his confidence. His heart went out to the lad, and he soon gave him the superintendence of all his machinery. Hiram lived in the master's family, and for the first time in his life he felt his future secure.

There was a machine for cutting clock-wheels in the shop which, though very valuable, seemed to Powers capable of being much simplified and improved. The chief hands, jealous of the boy's favor with the boss, laughed at his suggestions of improvement in a machine which had come all the way from Connecticut, where the foreman "guessed they knew something about clocks." There was an old silver bull's-eye watch hanging in the shop—too poor to steal—which had, however, excited the boy's cupidity. He told the master that if he would give him that watch he would undertake to make a new machine, much simpler and more efficient than the old one. He agreed, and after ten days' labor Powers so simplified and improved the plan that his new machine would cut twice as many wheels in a day, and cut them much more perfectly. This

established his reputation with the workmen as well as the master. Speaking of it after he had become famous, he said: "The old watch has ticked all my children into existence, and three of them out of this world. It still hangs at the head of my bed."

It was about this time that young Powers visited the museum in Cincinnati, where he noticed particularly an elephant's tusk broken and held together by iron hoops, and a plaster cast of Houdon's "Washington," the first bust he had ever seen. It strangely excited his curiosity, and he wondered how it was made. There happening then to be in the city a German sculptor engaged on a bust of General Jackson, Powers sought his acquaintance, and learned from him the elements of his art. Being an apt pupil—for nature was directing his hand—he at once turned the information he received to account by modeling with steady persistence, in beeswax, the head of the little daughter of a gentleman of the city, and found that he secured an excellent likeness in expression. Soon after the famous Mrs. Trollope made her appearance at Cincinnati, on her American tour, accompanied by the clever French artist, Hervieu, who illustrated a number of her works. By agreement, Powers modeled a bust of this sketcher in exchange for a portrait of himself by the painter. These, however, were but first attempts. It was not

till some time after that a peculiar opportunity presented itself to advance his employment as a bust-maker. His own description of it, related to Dr. Henry W. Bellows in his *Seven Sittings with Powers the Sculptor*, is of extraordinary interest. The story Powers told was as follows:

"A Frenchman from New Orleans had opened a museum in Cincinnati in which he found his fine specimens of natural history less attractive than some other more questionable objects. Among these were certain wax figures. He had, however, one lot which had been badly broken in transportation, and he had been advised to apply to me to restore them. I went to the room, and found Lorenzo Dow, John Quincy Adams, Miss Temple, and Charlotte Corday, with sundry other people's images, in a very promiscuous condition—some with arms, and some with noses, and some without either. We concluded that something entirely new, to be made from the old materials, was easier than any repairs; and I proposed to take Lorenzo Dow's head home, and convert him into the King of the Cannibal Islands. The Frenchman was meanwhile to make his body—'fit body to fit head.' I took the head home, and, thrusting my hand into the hollow, bulged out the lanky cheeks, put two alligator's tusks into the place of the eye-teeth, and soon finished my part of the work.

A day or two after I was horrified to see large placards upon the city walls announcing the arrival of a great curiosity, the actual embalmed body of a South Sea man-eater, secured at immense expense, etc. I told my employer that his audience would certainly tear down his museum when they came to find out how badly they were sold, and I resolved myself not to go near the place. But a few nights showed the public to be very easily pleased. The figure drew immensely, and I was soon, with my old employer's full consent, installed as inventor, wax-figure maker, and general mechanical contriver in the museum.

"One of the first things I undertook, in company with Hervieu, was a representation of the infernal regions after Dante's description. Behind a grating I made certain dark grottoes, full of stalactites and stalagmites, with shadowy ghosts and pitchforked figures, all calculated to work on the easily excited imaginations of a Western audience, as the West then was. I found it very popular and attractive; but occasionally some countryman would suggest to his fellow-spectator that a little motion in the figures would add much to the reality of the show. After much reflection I concluded to go in among the figures dressed like the evil one, in a dark robe, with a death's-head and crossbones wrought upon it, and with a lobster's claw for a nose. I had

bought and fixed up an old electrical machine, and connected it with a wire, so that, from a wand in my hand, I could discharge quite a serious shock upon anybody venturing too near the grating. The plan worked admirably, and excited great interest; but I found acting the part of wax figure two hours every evening in the cold no sinecure, and was put to my wits to devise a figure that could be moved by strings, and which would fill my place. I succeeded so well that it ended in my inventing a whole series of automata, for which the old wax figures furnished the materials, in part, and which became so popular and so rewarding that I was kept seven years at the business, my employer promising me, from time to time, an interest in the business, which he quite forgot to fulfill."

From these incongruous pursuits the artist—for such he was really becoming—was relieved by the generous appreciation of a wealthy resident and benefactor of Cincinnati, Mr. Nicholas Longworth. This fine-hearted gentleman sought out the worthy and struggling youth, and on his own motion sent him to Europe at his expense to study his art as a sculptor.

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MATTHEW SIMPSON

MATTHEW SIMPSON

MATTHEW SIMPSON, though born in the bright June days of 1811, was ushered into a home full of care and sorrow. The father was ill, and the mother was so burdened and the baby boy so active and troublesome that she one day said to a friend, who afterward twitted her about it, that it would be a mercy if Matthew should die, as she did not believe, if he lived, he would ever have any sense.

He was not sent to school, but seeing his sisters with their books he was anxious to read also. He took up the matter on his own hook, and learned the alphabet and some spelling, so that at three years of age he could read. In after years he could never remember the time he could not read. When he was from four to six years of age ministers staying at the house would sometimes ask him if he could read. At such questions he was both indignant and astonished. When a little over four years of age, he came accidentally on an old copy of the multiplication table, and noticed that there were a few places in the table that were a little difficult for him, and at which he hesitated, and in after life he occasionally found himself hesitating at the same places that troubled him then.

When between eleven and twelve years of age he went into his uncle's place of business (he was a manufacturer of weavers' reeds), not only to share in the labor, but to keep the accounts. His uncle's partner had two young men boarding with him who were attending an academy and studying Latin. Matthew desired to join them, but his uncle thought he was not old enough for this. In the latter part of November, however, just as his uncle was about leaving for Columbus, O., to attend the sessions of the Senate, of which he was then a member, the wife of the partner was taken suddenly ill, and, at their earnest request, these young students were taken into Mrs. Simpson's family for a short time, until she should recover. The request of the young men that Matthew should study with them was renewed. He obtained the privilege of spending his spare time in study on condition of his first doing every day the half of a man's work in the shop. This condition he gladly accepted. The uncle left home the last of November, and returned in the middle of February. In that time, in addition to performing his daily tasks, which were never omitted, he had studied Ross's *Latin Grammar*, read *Historia Sacra*, four books of Cæsar, a large part of Sallust's *Catiline*, and found himself sitting side by side with the young men who had begun some eighteen months

before him. On his return home his uncle wished to know what he had learned, and called upon him to read, and finding he could render Latin so easily he was permitted to attend the academy. During the following summer and winter he did so, and finished the Latin course, and also studied the Greek grammar.

It became evident that he could have but one summer term at the academy for his Greek, and this was a short term of a little over four months. In the vacation he had read for his own pleasure a number of chapters in the Greek Testament, and was put with a classmate commencing the *Graeca Minora*. The other boy was only of moderate ability, and was much fonder of amusement than of his studies. Knowing it to be his last session, young Simpson was exceedingly anxious to advance rapidly, and finding his classmate would not exert himself he begged to be permitted to proceed alone, but as that would double his work the teacher refused. Matthew secured his consent by a very shrewd device. The practice was to write compositions on every Saturday, and though Simpson disliked the exercise more than he did anything else he was so deeply interested in his favorite projects that he gave great study and attention to his next composition. It was in the form of a story in which he represented

two boys who set out to climb the Hill of Knowledge. They had an able and experienced guide, who tied them both together. One of them was earnest to see all that could be seen on the hill, and anxious to breathe the pure air upon the top. The other was easily tired, and disposed to rest by the way, thinking he had time enough by and by to look at its sights. The one who was anxious to gain the top pleaded often with his guide to let him go on, but the guide refused, advising him to hunt for choice pebbles, or to gather some flowers by the way, while his mate was resting. After the reading of the composition the teacher smiled, and calling Matthew to him told him he might recite on Monday as far as he chose. The result was that in the remainder of that summer session he finished the *Graeca Minora*, read the first volume of the *Graeca Majora*, a part of the poetry of the second volume, and a number of the books of Homer, completing what was then marked out in the neighboring colleges as the entire Greek course.

The account which Matthew Simpson gives of his public profession of Christ is very simple and straightforward. He was attending a camp meeting some three miles from Cadiz, O. It was at an evening service when a very remarkable religious interest had appeared during the day, and several young men, some of

them very wild, had become awakened. Matthew conversed with some of these young men whom he knew, and immediately felt anxious that, by some means, proper influences should be thrown around them to preserve them from the temptations to which he knew they would be exposed. During the evening service he was not specially interested until, at the close of the service, those who were seeking religion were invited forward. A large number went, and, among them, a number of young men with whom he was acquainted. He felt deeply interested in the scene, and began to wonder why he, who had been so religiously educated, and whose life had been so guarded by Christian influences, should not experience the same religious emotion as they. He drew near to the railing, and was standing absorbed in thought, when he saw a short distance from him, standing near the railing, a young man of religious family with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance, but who, like himself, was not a professed Christian. The thought suddenly occurred to him that possibly while he was not being benefited he might be, and, making his way through the crowd to him, Matthew Simpson laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder, and asked him if he would not like to go forward for prayer.

The young man's head immediately dropped, the tears started from his eyes, and he said to

Simpson that he would go if he would go with him. They went forward, found a place where they could kneel, and knelt down together. Matthew was very sincere, wished to be a servant of Christ, but did not feel any special earnestness of spirit. The young man who had gone with him was shortly after converted, and was ever afterward throughout his life a devout Christian. At the close of the meeting, young Simpson returned home, said but little about his determination, but firmly resolved from that day that, at the next opportunity, he would unite with the Church, which he did.

The exceedingly interesting experiences connected with the entrance of Matthew Simpson upon the Christian ministry, which he was so highly to adorn, cannot better be told than in his own words as given in his *Yale Lectures on Preaching*. In one of these he says:

“Trained religiously, I had come to a young man’s years before making a public profession of religion. Occasionally, prior to my conversion, thoughts of the ministry sometimes flashed across my mind, but it was only a flash. After my conversion I was earnest for the welfare of others, and worked in various ways to promote the interests of the Church and humanity. The conviction grew upon me that I must preach. I tried to put the thought away, because I feared I could never succeed,

I saw the greatness of the work, and the reproach and poverty, the privation and suffering, connected with the itinerant ministry. Two special difficulties were in my way: First, I had no gift to speak; all through my studies my fellow-students told me I could learn, but I could never be a speaker. In discussing professions they thought the law was out of the question for me, because I could never successfully plead a cause. My voice was poor. I had always shunned declamation whenever it was possible to avoid it. I had an unconquerable aversion to reciting other men's words, and whenever I attempted to declaim it was pronounced a failure. My associates believed, and I firmly believed, I could never make a speaker, so, when I felt the conviction that I must preach, the thought of the impossibility of preaching successfully made me question the reality of the call. At my work, and in my studies—for I spent three years in preparing for the profession of medicine—I was frequently in mental agony.

"I think I should have resolutely rejected the idea, only that it seemed indissolubly connected with my own salvation. I longed for some one who could tell me my duty. I fasted, and prayed for divine direction; but I found no rest until I read in the Bible a passage which seemed written especially for me: 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and

lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' I accepted it, and resolved to do whatever God by his providence should indicate. I never lisped to a friend the slightest intimation of my mental agony, but began to take a more earnest part in church services. One Sabbath I felt a strong impression that I ought to speak to the people at night in prayer meeting, as we had no preaching. But I said to myself, 'How shall I? My friends will think me foolish, for they know I cannot speak with interest!' Especially I dreaded the opinion of an uncle, who had been to me as a father, and who had superintended my education. While I was discussing this matter with myself my uncle came into the room, and, after a moment's hesitancy, said to me, 'Don't you think you could speak to the people to-night?' I was surprised and startled, and asked him if he thought I ought to. He said, 'Yes; I think you might do good.' That night, by some strange coincidence, the house was crowded, and I made my first religious address to a public congregation. It was not written; it was not very well premeditated; it was the simple and earnest out-gushing of a sincere heart. I was soon pressed to preach, but evaded all conversation on the subject as far as possible.

"My second difficulty was that my mother

was a widow. I was her only son, and the only child remaining at home. It seemed impossible to leave her. I feared it might almost break her heart to propose it. But as I saw the Church would probably call me, and as I had promised God to follow his openings, I one day, with great embarrassment, introduced the subject to my mother. After I had told her my mental struggles, and what I believed God required, I paused. I shall never forget how she turned to me with a smile on her countenance, and her eyes suffused with tears, as she said, ‘My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born.’ She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that, if it were his will, I might become a minister. And yet that mother had never dropped a word or intimation in my hearing that she desired me to be a preacher. She believed so fully in a divine call that she thought it wrong to bias the youthful mind with even a suggestion. That conversation settled my mind. What a blessing is a sainted mother! I can even now feel her hand upon my head, and I can hear the intonation of her voice in prayer.”

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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

WHEN Harriet Beecher was eight years of age she had a favorite cat of whom she was very fond. Puss was attacked with fits, and in her paroxysms flew around the top of the wall, jumped onto the heads of the children, and scratched and tumbled up their hair in a frightful way. Her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, shot the cat, and when she was cold and dead, and the little girl had subsided from her fright, her former fondness for her playmate returned. She wrapped puss up nicely in a cloth, and got her brother to dig a grave and set up a flat stone for a monument. Then she went to her older sister, Catharine, and asked her to write an "epithet"—which was her rendering for "epitaph"—to put on the stone. Catharine Beecher was equal to any emergency, and wrote:

"Here lies poor Kit,
Who had a fit
And acted queer:
Killed with a gun,
Her race is run,
And she lies here."

Harriet pasted this upon the stone, and was comforted.

Harriet Beecher grew into girlhood a hearty, rosy, strong child, with flying curls of sunny brown, and sweet, keen blue eyes, always ready for fun and play; a happy, frolicsome creature. She says of herself, "I was educated first and foremost by Nature, wonderful, beautiful, everchanging as she is in that cloudland, Litchfield."

She ran wild among the trees and hills. She heard with rapture the pipe and trilling of the birds; she made friendly acquaintance with the small game aflight or afoot in the fields; she followed winding streams to their source; she sailed boats; listened to the rippling of the water over the bright shallows; watched the sunlight in the shimmering depths of the deep pools, or the shining fish which darted out of sight or lazily floated in the sun. She gathered the first sweet wild flowers of the spring; had her secret places where luscious wild strawberries nodded upon their stems; plucked gorgeous lilies and blazing poppies and the blue cornflower in the hayfield in the quivering heart of June, and gathered a stock of nuts in the dreamy days of October.

But, fond of nature as was this little parsonage girl, she very early gave promise of being a scholar. When she was five years of age she had been to school, learning to read very fluently, and, having a retentive memory,

had committed twenty-seven hymns and two long chapters in the Bible.

Her eagerness to read, which grew with every year of her life, was very natural in the home of a man like Lyman Beecher. The light literature which now floods every household was a thing unknown, and after reveling in the *Arabian Nights* she used to spend hours in the attic desperately searching among the sermons, treatises, tracts, and essays, which she secretly dragged from a barrel, for fresh food for her active mind. Once turning up a dissertation on Solomon's Song, she devoured it as a delicate morsel. At another time she was rewarded for several hours of toil in what she called "a weltering ocean of pamphlets" by bringing to light a fragment of *Don Quixote*, which was fraught with enchantment and read with a reckless disregard of the possible objection of her parents. At this time the names of Scott, Byron, Moore, and Irving were fresh and new. Byron had not yet finished his brief career, and Harriet's aunt put into her hands one day a volume containing "The Corsair." The little New England girl read it with wonder and delight, and thenceforth listened eagerly to whatever was said in the house concerning Byron. Not long after, she heard her father sorrowfully observe, "Byron is dead—gone." She says: "I remember taking my basket for strawberries that after-

noon and going over to a field on Chestnut Hill. But I was too dispirited to do anything; so I lay down among the daisies, and looked up into the blue sky, and thought of that great eternity into which Byron had entered, and wondered how it might be with his soul."

One of the events of the year in the parsonage at Litchfield, Conn., where the Beechers lived at this time, was the apple-cutting, when a barrel of cider apple sauce was to be made, and the boys and girls were pressed into service as assistants. The work was done in the kitchen, an immense shining brass kettle hanging over the fire in the deep chimney, and the whole family of children and servants gathered around, employed on the great baskets of apples and quinces. Dr. Beecher presided at the apple peeler, turning the crank with great expedition, and one evening said to George, "Come, I'll tell you what we will do to make the evening go off: You and I will take turns and see who will tell the most out of Scott's novels." So at it they went, novel by novel, reciting scenes and incidents, which kept the children wide-awake, and made their work fly, while Harriet often made a correction, or supplied with joyful eagerness some point they had omitted.

A favorite position for Harriet during these girlhood days was to lay flat on the floor, poring over the great family Bible, committing

entire chapters to memory. She studied *Paradise Lost* in the same manner.

Lyman Beecher was an ideal father in the matter of encouraging his children to intellectual activity. The rule of the household was that, if anyone had a good thing, he must not keep it to himself; if he could say a funny thing, he was bound to say it; if a severe thing, no matter—the severer the better, if well put; everyone must be ready to take as well as give. The doctor never asked any favors of his children, nor stood upon his dignity, in encounters of wit or logic. When they grappled him, he taught them to grapple in dead earnest, and they well knew what they had to expect in return.

When Harriet Beecher was eleven years old she wrote a composition in school, taking the negative side of the following question: "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" This essay was read before the most distinguished people of Litchfield, who crowded the town hall at the school exhibition. Dr. Lyman Beecher, who knew nothing of Harriet's work, was greatly interested in the argument of the essay, and at the close sought the principal and inquired, "Who wrote that composition?" "Your daughter, sir," was the answer, which plainly filled the father with pleased surprise. Harriet, who was standing by and overheard the question

and answer, afterward said, "It was the proudest moment of my life."

When Harriet was yet in her early teens a great change came into the conditions of her daily life. Catharine, the oldest of the family, then a thoroughly educated and charming young lady, was engaged to marry Professor Alexander M. Fisher, of Yale College, a man already distinguished, and of great promise in his profession. He started for Europe in April, 1822, where he purposed to study and travel for a year before his marriage. The ship *Albion*, in which he sailed, was lost, and only one of all its passengers and crew came back to tell the tale. The brilliant Catharine Beecher, lately so full of joy and hope, lost all the zest and enthusiasm out of her life, and fell into a dull and heavy melancholy, from which it seemed for a time that even her helpful spirit and eminently sane and practical education could not rescue her.

With the lapse of time she rallied to some extent, but felt that she must fly from the scenes which spoke so constantly and eloquently of her lover and her lost hope, and seek relief from crushing thought in active work. She went to Hartford, Conn., and with the assistance of her younger sister, Mary, she opened a school for girls, which became famous under the name which it still preserves of the Hartford Female Seminary.

Harriet Beecher was confided to her sister's care, and leaving all the freedom and varied joys of child-life in the country town she settled seriously to work and remained at Hartford six years. During the latter part of the time she became an assistant tutor, teaching Latin and translating Virgil into English heroic verse, mingling her teaching, studies, and social diversions in the most delightful and profitable manner.

While Harriet Beecher was not thought, by any means, the equal of her elder sister, the brilliant Catharine, in mental weight and power, and of a rather careless and unpractical turn of mind, her unfailing good humor, unusual sincerity, together with a sleepy sort of wit, which was likely to flash out when least expected, caused her to be regarded as a charming and attractive personality. But, while her future career was dreamed of by no one, her classmates, who in after years recalled with pride their acquaintance with Harriet Beecher, never remembered aught of her that was not generous and kind.

LYDIA HUNTLY SIGOURNEY

LYDIA HUNTLY's childhood was passed very happily under the most favorable circumstances for mental and moral growth. She was born September 1, 1791, of good old New England stock, and during the years of her childhood her father was the manager of the very wealthy estate of Madame Lathrop. The little Lydia ranged at her will in her girlhood over this charming domain, delighted with the flowers and the fruits and making pets of the calves and the sheep, and all the domestic animals about the place. One large black horse "of mild temperament" was her special love.

The great mansion had a rambling old-fashioned garret which in the course of generations had come to be almost a family museum. In that great lumber room were wonderful relics of the Revolution, a collection of twisted powderhorns, a brass-hilted sword, and old-fashioned cumbrous pistols, with a long-barreled gun, which little Lydia, in her active young imagination, invested with life, and she used to talk with them about Bunker Hill and Yorktown and Washington.

In this fairy region of the garret there were immense trunks, too, and the little girl im-

agined that they contained untold treasures. She was not allowed to rummage them, but happily one of them was open and empty, and lined with sheets of printed hymns. She stretched herself within its walls and perused those hymns, being able to read at three years old. A little later she made use of that hiding place for a more questionable purpose. Finding a borrowed copy of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* in the house, and perceiving that it was purposely hidden from childish hands, she watched for intervals when it might be abstracted unobserved, and, taking refuge in her trunk, like the famous cynic in his tub, she reveled among the tragic scenes of Mrs. Radcliffe; finding, however, no terror so formidable as an approaching footstep, when, hiding the volume, she leaped lightly from her cavernous study. It was her first surreptitious satisfaction, and was not partaken without remorse. Yet the fascination of that fearful fiction-book seemed to her too strong to be resisted.

In the midst of this charming life of the old New England farmhouse she had the happiest childhood. The mental and moral atmosphere was bright and clear. Her tastes and habits were all simple; and good health of body and soul led to contentment. She had an excellent guide to her first studies in Madame Lathrop, who was a genuine lady of

the old school, and who knew well the best English literature of her day. Reading, as we have seen, at three years old, Lydia became such a proficient that at the age of eight she actually planned and commenced a novel in the epistolary style, with the scene partly laid in Italy—a thing of the least consequence, of course, if it had been finished, but noticeable enough in connection with her literary career. Before she was fourteen years of age she had taken so kindly to Latin as to employ herself in translations from the *Aeneid*, had mastered considerable French and Hebrew, and had written a rhythmical translation of the story of Jonah, besides much history and mental philosophy.

Among other acquisitions in this youthful period were a great deal of painting and drawing, of which little came, while a great good resulted from acquaintance with books, and especially of the poets.

There was one excellent practice in the pursuit of literature, well worthy of notice by any ambitious youth. Committing passages from the poets to memory was a systematic exercise. Cowper and Goldsmith were among the first chosen for that purpose. The melody of the latter won both the ear and the heart, and "The Deserted Village" or "The Traveller" was voicelessly repeated after retiring at night.

From her earliest girlhood Lydia Huntly was inspired with a love of teaching. In her earliest years, she tells us, "the doll genius were not at all essential to my happiness. They were of the most consequence when, marshaled in the character of pupils, I installed myself as their teacher." As she grew older she pursued the idea with a passionate attachment. When she was about the age of eighteen she seriously set about its accomplishment. Her father marveled at her preference, but not more than she at his proposal to fit up one of the pleasantest rooms in the house for her chosen purpose. Her own description of this experiment is not without interest. She writes:

"With what exultation I welcomed a new long desk and benches, neatly made of fair white wood! To these I proceeded to add an hourglass, and a few other articles of convenience and adornment. My active imagination peopled the room with attentive scholars, and I meditated the opening address, which, I trusted, would win their hearts, and the rules which were to regulate their conduct. Without delay I set forth to obtain those personages, bearing a prospectus, very beautifully written, of an extensive course of English studies, with instruction in needlework. My slight knowledge of the world induced me to offer it courageously to ladies in their parlors,

or fathers in their stores, who had daughters of an age adapted to my course. I did not anticipate the difficulty of one at so early an age suddenly installing herself in a position of that nature, especially among her own people. Day after day I returned from my walk of solicitation without a name on my catalogue. Yet with every morning came fresh zeal to persevere. At length, wearied with fruitless pedestrian excursions, and still more depressing refusals, I opened my school with two sweet little girls of eleven and nine years old. Consolatory was it to my chastened vanity that they were of the highest and most wealthy families among us. Cousins were they, both bearing the aristocratic name of Lathrop. Very happy was I with these plastic and lovely beings. Six hours of five days in the week, besides three on Saturday, did I sedulously devote to them, questioning, simplifying, illustrating, and impressing various departments of knowledge, as though a larger class were auditors. A young lady from Massachusetts, of the name of Bliss, being in town for a short time, also joined us during that interval, to pursue drawing, and painting in water colors. At the close of our term, or quarter, as it was then called, was an elaborate examination in all the studies, with which the invited guests signified their entire approbation."

This and other experiments continued for some time, all of them interesting, but none of them very remunerative in money until she met Mr. Charles Sigourney, an accomplished gentleman, who won her heart and under whose name she gained her great literary fame and accomplished the work which won her literary renown.

Mrs. Sigourney's valedictory, written but a few weeks before her death, is very characteristic of her cheerful, beneficent, and untroubled life:

"Here is my Valedictory. I bring
A basket of dried fruits—autumnal leaves,
And mosses, pressed from ocean's sunless tides.
I strew them votive at your feet, sweet friends,
Who've listened to me long—with grateful thanks,
For favoring smiles, that have sustained and cheered
All weariness.

"I never wrote for fame—
The payment seemed not to be worth the toil;
But wheresoe'er the kind affections sought
To mix themselves by music with the mind,
That was my inspiration and delight.

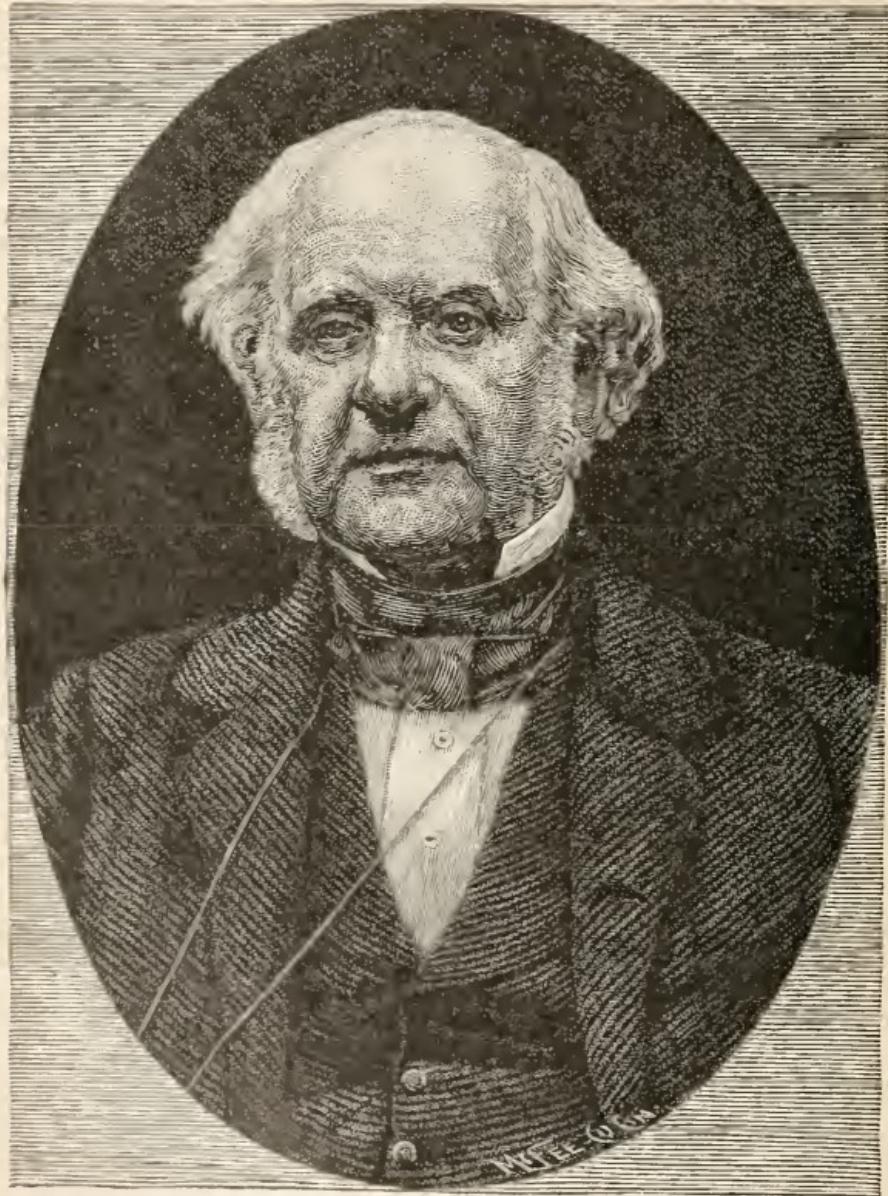
"And you, from many a lustrum, have not frowned
Upon my lingering strain. Patient you've been,
Even as the charity that never fails:
And pouring o'er my heart the gentlest tides
Of love and commendation. So I take
These tender memories to my pillow'd turf,
Blessing you for them when I breathe no more,
Heaven's peace be with you all!

Farewell! Farewell!"

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GEORGE PEABODY

GEORGE PEABODY

IT is an old proverb that "The child is father to the man;" and in no small degree this can be said of many of the great personalities who make and adorn human history. This was eminently true of George Peabody, one of the noblest philanthropists the world has ever yet known. His childhood foreshadowed the glory of his later years; and yet, his childish years were not marked by incident, or memorable for peculiarity. While he was regarded as having some eccentricities as he grew older, his childhood was not in any sense that of an oddity. His neighbors remembered him in after years as a good boy, a faithful son, an industrious student, and an honest youth. True, they sometimes called him a "mother boy," but that was not because he was shy and effeminate, and wanting in boyish energy and daring, but because he loved his mother and it was the joy of his young life to add anything to her happiness.

The future banker and philanthropist was born a poor boy, in the town of Danvers, Mass., on the 18th day of February, 1795; not at all in abject poverty, but in circumstances which afforded him but little opportunity for

education, save for the first ten years of his life in the common schools. Hon. Alfred A. Abbott, at the laying of the corner stone of the Peabody Institute, in Danvers, remarked concerning this Danvers boy: "The character and history of Mr. Peabody have by the natural course of things become so familiar to us within the last year that, like his name, they have almost come to be household property—how, nearly threescore years ago, in a very humble house in this then quiet village, he was born, the son of respectable parents, but in humble circumstances; how, from the common schools of the parish, such as they were from 1803 to 1807, to use his own simple words, he obtained the limited education his parents' means could afford, but to the principles then inculcated owing much of the foundation for such success as Heaven has been pleased to grant him during a long business life."

In his native place as much as anywhere George Peabody's memory is precious. And, however it may be with prophets, with this successful and beneficent merchant it did not prove true that he is "not without honor save in his own country and among his own people." In fact, the town where he was born is now called by his name. First, it was a part of Salem; then, for a century, it was known as Danvers; for a while it was called South

Danvers; and now for a generation it has been known as Peabody, in honor of the poor boy born in its midst.

From a child George Peabody had to rely on his own exertion. At the age of eleven he was apprenticed to a Mr. Sylvester Proctor, who kept a country store and sold a general variety of groceries, drugs, and numerous other things. Here for four years he was a most faithful clerk, giving great satisfaction by his honesty, promptness, and fidelity. But at the age of fifteen he began to be discontented. He longed for a change, and for a larger field of action. He wanted to engage in business on a larger scale. Finally he gave up his place and went for a visit to his grandfather, to Thetford, Vt. Jeremiah Dodge, George's grandfather, lived in a small, neat, white two-story house a little out of the village. They were very quiet, unobtrusive Yankee people, the Dodges, and George Peabody's year which he spent with his grandparents must have been a very unexciting one. At the end of a year's visit, he started on his return home, and on the trip spent a night at a tavern in Concord, N. H., where he paid for his entertainment by sawing wood the next morning. That year in the little town had evidently a pleasant place in the boy's memory, for when he came to be a very rich man and was scattering his benefactions everywhere

he sent several thousand dollars into that little town to build a public library.

On his return from Vermont George joined his elder brother, David Peabody, in a dry goods store in Newburyport, Mass. This was in 1811. Here he was the same faithful young fellow, exact and prompt in business and winning the respect of all who knew him. It is said that the first money he ever earned outside of the small pittance he received as a clerk was for writing ballots for the Federal Party in Newburyport. This was before the day of printed votes. His penmanship was superior in beauty. His letters written at this time were usually brief and very much to the point; but they were easily read and especially enjoyable because of his clear and beautiful handwriting.

During young Peabody's stay in Newburyport there occurred a great fire which destroyed a large amount of property and by the burning of his brother's store was the means of causing him to leave that town. The young clerk was the first to give the alarm. He was putting up the shutters at the store when he discovered the fire, but it was too late to save a great portion of the business section of the town.

The burning of his brother's store left George Peabody without employment. But he was not to eat the bread of idleness. He

sought for employment, and his uncle, John Peabody, who had settled in Georgetown, near Washington, D. C., invited him to become his commercial assistant. To the South for the first time he went; and there he stayed two years, managing with peculiar ability a large part of the business, though still in his teens. His honesty was unquestionable, his tact unusual. Of course, he succeeded in winning friends and securing trade.

In his youthful business days George Peabody gave evidence in many ways of the business characteristics of his more mature life. There lived in Salem at this time a hackman named David, who was more remarkable for his independence and plain speaking than for the quality of his accommodation. His prices, also, were below those of his competitors. Young Peabody rode with this hackman one day, and, on arriving at his destination, tendered the usual fee of fifty cents.

"Here's your change, sir," said David, returning at the same time fifteen cents.

"Change!" exclaimed Mr. Peabody. "Why, I'm not entitled to any."

"Yes, you are; I don't tax but thirty-five cents for a ride in my hack."

"How do you live, then?"

"By fair dealing, sir. I don't believe in making a man pay more than a thing is worth just because I have got an opportunity."

Peabody was so pleased with this reply that he ever after sought David out and gave him his patronage, which, however, in the nature of the case, was not very remunerative.

One of the biographers of Peabody gives a very romantic and interesting story explaining the reason why he never married. He says:

"When Mr. Peabody was just entering upon his career of success as a business man, in Baltimore, he met by chance a poor girl, who was but a child, but whose face and gentle manner attracted his notice. Questioning her in regard to parentage and surroundings, he found her in every way worthy his regard, and a fit subject for his benefaction. He at once adopted her as his ward, and gave her an education. As she advanced in age her charms of person, as well as brightness of intellect, won the affections of her benefactor. Through this relationship he had an ample opportunity of watching her progress, and day by day her hold upon his affections grew stronger.

"At length, as the ward bloomed into womanhood, though much her senior in years, Mr. Peabody offered her his hand and fortune. Greatly appreciating his generosity, and acknowledging her attachment for him as a father, she, with great feeling, confessed that honor compelled her to decline the acceptance of this his greatest act of generosity; inform-

ing her suitor that her affections had been given to another, a clerk in the employ of her benefactor.

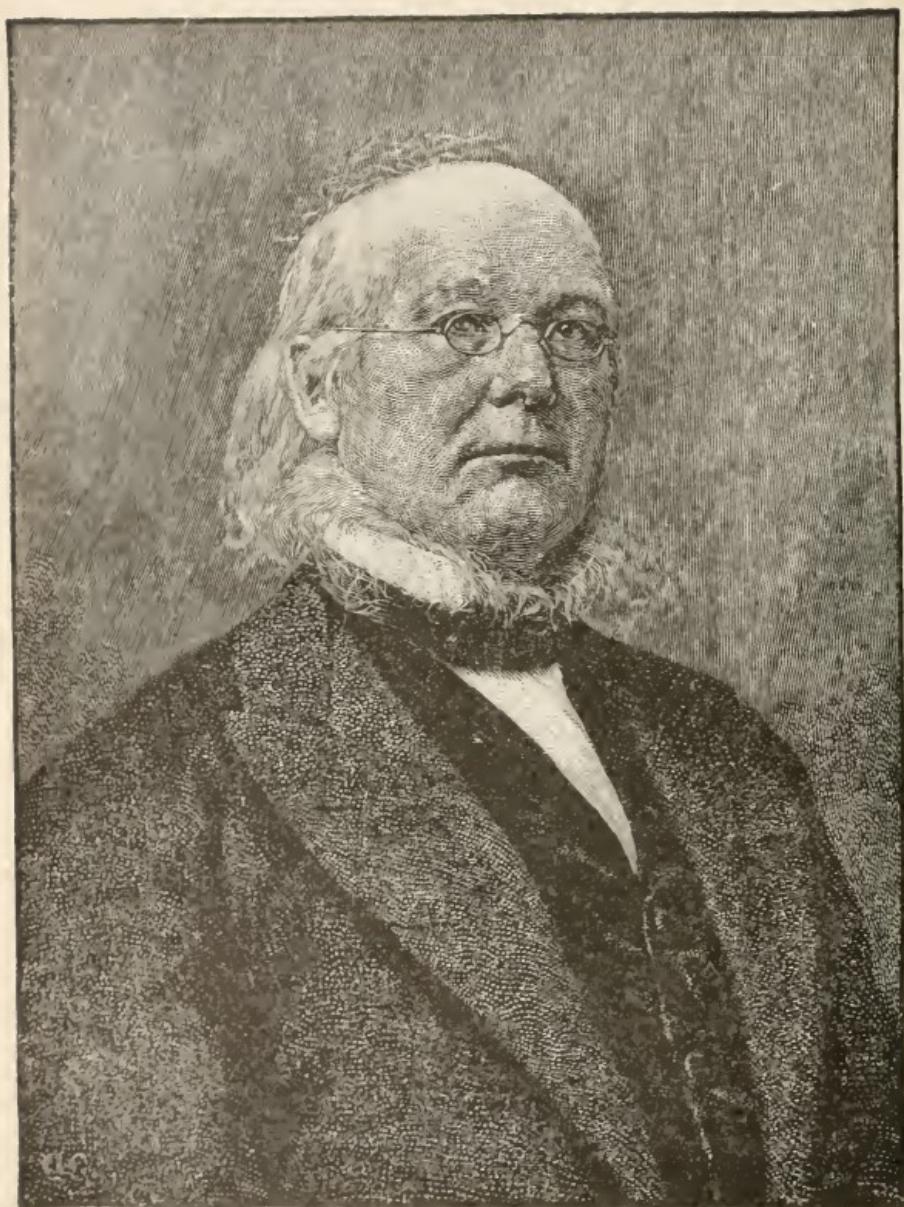
"Though much disappointed and grievously shocked, the philanthropist sent for his clerk; and, learning from him that the engagement had been of long duration, Mr. Peabody at once established his successful rival in business, and soon after gave his benediction upon the marriage of his ward. This, it is said, was the first blow his heart received; and it is possible that from this episode came the inspiration that made the future of Mr. Peabody so universally distinguished, and has rendered his name famous as a remarkable public benefactor."

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HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY, the great editor, was ushered into the world February 3, 1811, in Amherst, N. H. He was a feeble, sickly child, and could not even watch the falling of rain through a closed window without violent sickness, and only the tender care of his mother kept him alive. He seemed to learn almost by instinct. By the time he was three years old he read children's books with ease, and at four he read every book that he could get his hands on. He went to live at his grandfather's so as to be near the schoolhouse, and there, from three until six, he was the pet and pride of his school. He was a tow-headed little fellow, with a quaint manner and a lisping and whining voice, but always good-humored. His especial forte was spelling. While yet a boy, he was prepared to be an editor in that respect. He spent hours at a time in spelling hard words for the very pleasure of it. Constant efforts were made in vain to puzzle him, even with the proper names of the Bible. In the weekly evening spelling matches he was chosen before grown-up men, and the side that got him was sure of a victory. He was then so young that he would often fall asleep be-

fore it came his turn to spell, and would have to be awakened.

It was hard to keep young Horace in reading material. There was scarcely a book within seven miles which he did not borrow. He would read as he dressed in the morning, in every spare moment he could gain from other studies or from home and farm work throughout the day, and even as he went about on the lighter errands he would cling to his book like a wasp in a summer apple. His evenings were spent in reading, lying coiled up in the corner of the great fireplace by the light of a pine knot. He paid no attention to those who stumbled over him or dragged him out by the legs, but rolled himself back and went on with his reading as if nothing had happened. It took as long to arouse him and get him off to bed as it takes to get many a boy out of bed in the morning.

His parents were very poor, and one of the leading men of the neighborhood offered to defray the expense of sending Horace to the Phillips Academy, at Exeter, and afterward to college. His parents, after full deliberation, firmly declined, and, though not having any decided opinion himself at the time, Horace often expressed in later life his gratitude at not having been indebted for what imperfect schooling he had to any except those from whom he had a right to expect it. My own

judgment is that his parents and himself carried their independence to a morbid extreme in this case. It would no doubt have been a blessing to the man who gave him the assistance, and might have added largely to the equipment of the great editor if he had had the benefit of that college education. I relate the incident, however, because it is characteristic of the self-reliant and radically independent spirit of the man.

By his eleventh year Horace had read Shakespeare, and had read all the histories and poets accessible to him. During all these years he was chopping logs, driving oxen, piling up heaps of brush, and helping to do all the things connected with clearing up land and carrying on a backwoods farm. His farming closed with his fifteenth year, but these years of clearing land and lifting logs too heavy for his strength left their mark on him. It accounted for his shambling, clodhopper gait, which was common to many boys brought up to farm work, and especially to the work of clearing up land in the days before modern machinery came into play. Perhaps this also accounts for the fact that Horace Greeley not only never did care anything about clothes, but seemed to be utterly incapable of being fitted by clothes. In his farming days the family were all clothed in homemade garments made out of coarse homespun linsey-

woolsey material, dyed with butternut bark. Horace's usual dress in summer consisted of very short pantaloons of the above material, an unbuttoned tow shirt, and a homemade straw hat, supplemented in the winter by a jacket and shoes. Under-clothing was unheard of at either season. It has been stated that his clothing did not cost three dollars a year. One of his biographers, Mr. Parton, carefully estimates that up to the time he came of age there had never been fifty dollars in all expended on his clothes.

From his earliest days Horace Greeley dreamed of being a printer. While only in his fifth or sixth year a blacksmith, observing the interest with which the child gazed at his work at the forge, said that he had better come and learn the trade with him. But Horace promptly replied, "No, I'm going to be a printer." When only eleven years old he undertook to realize this dream. Hearing that an apprentice was wanted in the newspaper office at Whitehall, he walked the five miles and applied for it in person, but was rejected on account of his youth.

Now that he was fifteen years old, he determined that the time had come to begin what he supposed would be his lifework. He answered an advertisement of the publishers of the *Northern Spectator*, at East Poultney, Vt., now small and decayed, but at that time

quite an enterprising village. This paper was published by a stock company. The manager was a Mr. Amos Bliss, and the scene of Horace's application has been graphically related by him. He was in his garden, when his attention was drawn by a thin and whining voice behind him asking if he was "the man that carried on the printing office," and whether he didn't "want a boy to learn the trade." Mr. Bliss, on turning about, was greatly astonished at the uncouth creature before him. His clothes did not seem to belong to him at all, but rather to hang on him as they sometimes do on a scarecrow. He was slim-bodied, while his head was large enough for the biggest man. "Do you want to learn to print?" The Yankee reply was, "I have had some notion of it." When he asked the boy what he had read he replied that he had read "a little of 'most everything." As he proceeded to question him the publisher became more and more amazed at what this strange, large-headed boy knew. And withal there was such a straightforward common sense about him that he completely won the older man's respect and regard.

Horace's wish was granted, and he was bound out till he was twenty years of age. The first six months he had only his board, and thereafter forty dollars a year in addition. He seemed to take to typesetting by intuition,

as he had to spelling, and before the end of the first day could do better and quicker work than many an apprentice of several weeks' standing. The years that he passed here took the place of a college for Horace Greeley. It proved a capital place for an apprentice who was willing to work hard, and who had a desire to learn every branch of the printer's business. The company was a financial failure, the editor left, the management was loose, the force in the printing department was very small, and each one was at liberty to do whatever he wished, even to the writing of original paragraphs and news items. He was kindly treated, and received increased pay, but he could scarcely recall a day in which they were not hurried in their work. He had no time for even a day's fishing or hunting, nor for a game of ball; but he always found time for reading. There were plenty of books at his disposal in Poultney, besides a circulating library. He records that he never afterward found books and the opportunity to enjoy them so ample, and he thinks that he never before or after read to so much profit.

He took a great interest and a leading part in the debating society of the town. He soon became the acknowledged leader of the whole community as a debater. He was always ready with the part assigned him, and never lost his self-confidence in encountering any audience

or antagonist. He took the debates very seriously, and contended with all his might. His retentive and exact memory gave him a great advantage as a debater. He came to be regarded as an authority on all vexed questions, and, though only a stripling, was always listened to with the deference paid only to men of marked ability. He never lost his temper nor got the ill will of those whom he floored in debate, or whose statements, quotations, or omissions he corrected. His manner was awkward in the extreme, but he was fluent and interesting always. When he was only sixteen years old he was just the same sort of a speaker that he was when he was the most famous editor and lecturer in the land. One of the men who had debated with him in the old days says that when he came back there to lecture, "I thought I saw before me the Horace Greeley of the old Poultney 'Forum,' as we called it." His outward appearance, though very uncouth still, must have changed for the better, inasmuch as he never made any preparation for the lyceum other than putting a jacket over his open shirt.

The *Northern Spectator* found its sunset before Horace Greeley had reached his twentieth year, and the lad went forth to varied hardships and struggles and fortunes, until he founded the *New York Tribune* and became the leading editor of the New World.

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JULIA WARD HOWE

JULIA WARD HOWE

WHEN Julia Ward Howe was four years old she went with her parents on a journey up the Hudson River to Albany and on to Niagara. The sight of Niagara caused her much surprise. Playing on the piazza of the hotel, one day, with her mother's doctor for a companion, she ventured to ask him, "Who made that great hole where the water comes down?" He replied, "The great Maker of all." "Who is that?" she innocently inquired; and he said, "Do you not know our Father who art in heaven?" The little girl felt she ought to have known, and went away somewhat abashed.

On another day during the visit to Niagara her mother told her they were going to visit Red Jacket, a great Indian chief, and that she must be very polite to him. The mother gave her a twist of tobacco tied with a blue ribbon, which she was to present to him, and bade her observe the silver medal which she should see hung on his neck, and which, she said, had been given to him by General Washington. They drove to the Indian encampment, and a tall figure advanced to the carriage. As its door was opened the little girl,

determining to do her part well, sprang forward, and clasped her arms around the neck of the noble savage, and was much astonished at his cool reception of such a greeting. Julia was greatly surprised and grieved afterward to learn that she had not done exactly the right thing.

A year later her mother died, and her aunt, a sister of her mother, came to take care of the children. This aunt had long been a caretaker in her mother's household, where she had much to do with bringing up her younger sisters and brothers. Julia's mother had been accustomed to borrow her from time to time, and the aunt had threatened to hang out a sign over the door with the inscription, "Cheering done here by the job by E. Cutler."

Julia's father was very careful in the choice of the associates of his children, and intended that they should receive their education at home. But finally, after some experience with governesses and masters, Julia was sent to school in the near neighborhood of their house. She was nine years old at this time, precocious for her age, and endowed with a good memory. This fact led to her being placed in a class of girls much older than herself, specially occupied with the study of Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. The little girl managed to commit many pages of this book to memory, although she was much more interested in the study of

chemistry. The study of languages was very congenial to her; she had been accustomed to speak French from her earliest years. To this she soon added Latin, and a little later Italian and German.

Julia Ward had great natural gifts for music, and her musical education was the best that the time could afford. She had her first lessons from a very irritable French artist, of whom she stood in such fear that she could remember nothing that he taught her. A second teacher, Mr. Boocock, had more patience, and soon brought her forward in her studies. He had been a pupil of Cramer, and his taste had been formed by hearing the best music in London. He gave Julia lessons for many years, and she learned from him to appreciate the works of the great composers, Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart.

Julia's father, Samuel Ward, was a rich banker, and the family home was always one of wealth and culture. It was also the home of a number of relatives. One of the interesting characters of this family group who resided in her father's house during all her girlhood years was one of the great New York worthies of the time, Dr. John Wakefield Francis, her uncle by marriage. Her own description of him in her reminiscences is very picturesque. She writes:

"He was of German origin, florid in com-

plexion and mercurial in temperament. His fine head was crowned with an abundance of silken, curly hair. He always wore gold-bowed glasses, being very nearsighted, was a born humorist, and delighted in jests and hyperbole. He was an omnivorous reader, and so constituted that four hours of sleep nightly sufficed to keep him in health. This was fortunate for him, as he had an extensive practice, and was liable to be called out at all hours of the night. A candle always stood on a table beside his pillow, and with it a pile of books and papers which he habitually perused long before the coming of daylight. It so happened, however, that he awaked one morning at about four of the clock, and saw his wife, wrapped in shawls, sitting near the fire reading something by candlelight. The following conversation ensued:

“‘Eliza, what book is that you are reading?’

“‘*Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, dear.’

“‘Is it? I don’t need to know anything more about it—it must be the greatest book of the age.’

“His humor was extravagant. I once heard him exclaim, ‘How brilliant is the light which streams through the fissures of a cracked brain!’ Again he spoke of ‘A fellow who couldn’t go straight in a ropewalk.’ His anecdotes of things encountered in the exercise of his profession were most amusing.”

Julia's Aunt Francis sometimes invited friends for an evening party, but made it a point to invite those who were not her favorites for a separate occasion, not wishing to dilute her enjoyment of the chosen few, and, on the other hand, desiring not to hurt the feelings of any of her acquaintance by wholly leaving them out. Julia Ward Howe remembers a very interesting incident in relation to these parties in which the poet Edgar Allan Poe figured. That brilliant but erratic literary star had just become known in New York, and Dr. Francis had invited him to the house. It was on one of his wife's good evenings, and her rooms were filled with company. The poet arrived just at a moment when the doctor was obliged to answer the call of a patient. He accordingly opened the parlor door and pushed Mr. Poe into the room, saying, "Eliza, my dear, the Raven!" after which he immediately withdrew. "The Raven" was very new then, and it happened that Mrs. Francis had never heard of the poem, and was entirely at a loss to understand this introduction of the newcomer.

Julia Ward left school at the age of sixteen, and began thereafter to study in good earnest. Until that time a certain over-romantic and imaginative turn of mind had interfered much with the progress of her studies. She indulged in daydreams, which

appeared to her far higher in tone than the humdrum of her school recitations. When these were at an end she began to feel the necessity of more strenuous application, and at once arranged for herself hours of study relieved by the practice of vocal and instrumental music.

About this time her eldest brother, Samuel Ward, Jr., came home from Europe, where he had been studying and traveling. The young man brought with him a fine library, and Julia's father, having already added to his large house a spacious art gallery purposely for the cultivation of the minds of his children in art, now built a study whose walls were entirely occupied by the brother's books. Julia had free access to these, and did not neglect to profit by it.

Samuel Ward, the father, was a man of fine tastes, inclined to generous and even lavish expenditure. He desired to give to his children the best educational opportunities, the best and most expensive masters. He filled his art gallery with the finest pictures that money could command in the New York of that day. He gave largely to public undertakings, was one of the founders of the New York University, and was one of the foremost promoters of church building in the then distant West. He never demurred at expense where his children were concerned, except where it

was connected with dress and fashionable entertainment. Julia's elder brother had many arguments with his father on what he thought was an entirely wrong estimate of the value of social intercourse. On one occasion the dispute between them became quite animated.

"Sir," said the son, "you do not keep in view the importance of the social tie."

"The social what?" asked the father.

"The social tie, sir."

"I make small account of that," said the elder gentleman.

"I will die in defense of it!" impetuously rejoined the younger.

The father was so much amused at this sally that he spoke of it later to a friend: "He will die in defense of the social tie, indeed!"

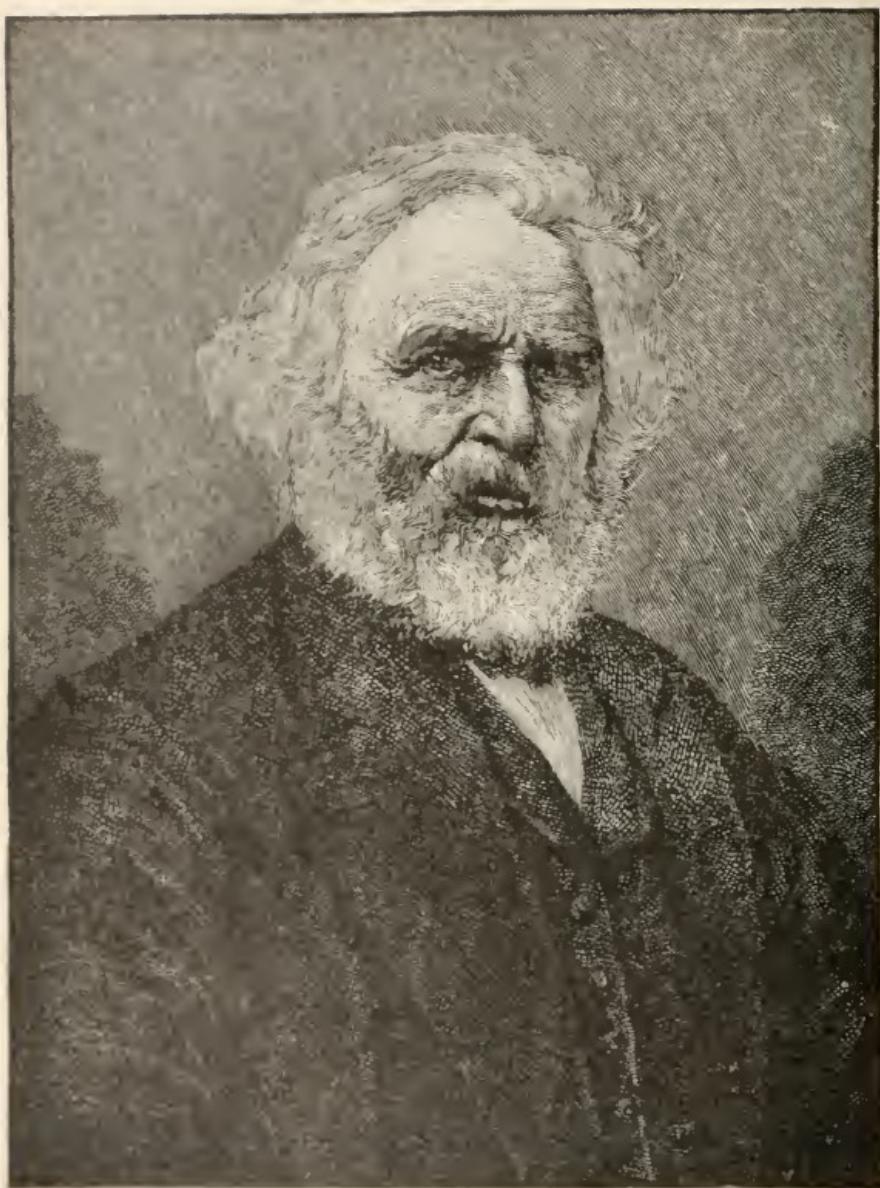
The critical hour in Julia Ward's life came in 1841, when she was spending the summer with her sisters in a cottage near Boston. Longfellow and Sumner, who were friends of the family, often visited them. Charles Sumner once made mention of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's wonderful achievement in the case of Laura Bridgman, the first blind deaf-mute who had ever been taught the use of language. One day the two men, Longfellow and Sumner, drove over with them to Perkins Institution for the blind. They found Laura, then a child of ten years, seated at her little desk. Dr. Howe was absent when they arrived at the

institution, but before they took leave of it Mr. Sumner, looking out of a window, said, "O, here comes Howe on his black horse!" Julia Ward looked out at the window, and saw at once her fate and her career.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW, the poet, was born in Portland, Me., in 1807. His father was at that time a young man of well-trained and well-balanced mind, was counted a thoroughly good lawyer, and was a man highly regarded by a large circle of the best people. His mother was a gentle-tempered, graceful woman of like character as her husband. Mrs. Longfellow was the daughter of General Wadsworth, and when the future poet was born, and when she came to give him a name, her heart went out tenderly toward her gallant brother, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, who, before Tripoli, surrendered his life while bravely serving his country.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in a house which is still standing on a street of Portland, Me., and which is well known to every attendant at the public schools in that city. The story is told how some years since a teacher in one of the public schools, after giving many lessons on Longfellow's beautiful life, asked her pupils if any of them knew where the poet was born. A little hand went up in a hurry, and a small voice piped forth, "In Patsey Connor's bedroom"—Patsey Con-

nor being at that time one of the occupants of the old Longfellow house.

Not far from the home of the Longfellows, in Spring Street, there stood a small brick schoolhouse, presided over by Ma'am Fellows, a most exemplary lady who had taught school for many years and had grown gray in the practice of rigid discipline. She was a firm believer in the idea that "one should never smile in school hours," and she exercised her views on this topic very much to the terror of the young striplings who were placed under her charge. "My recollections of my first teacher," said the poet after the lapse of three-score and ten years, "are not vivid; but I recall that she was bent on giving me a right start in life; that she thought that even very young children should be made to know the difference between right and wrong; and that severity of manner was more practical than gentleness of persuasion. She inspired me with one trait—that is, a genuine respect for my elders."

For some reason—it is forgotten what—the boy did not remain a pupil of Ma'am Fellows; and after the first vacation he was sent by his parents to the town school on Love Lane, where he remained just two weeks. He was then placed in a private school, presided over by Nathaniel H. Carter, and continued to be a pupil at this school until Mr. Carter became

an instructor in the Portland Academy, at which time he attracted many of his old pupils, including Henry Wadsworth, to his new field of labor.

A little later Longfellow came, in this academy, under the strong and beneficent influence of Professor Bezaleel Cushman, a man of brilliant parts and just the sort of man to arouse an ambition for learning in a young boy.

Under such an inspiring teacher Henry Longfellow's progress was rapid, and in 1821 he was able to enroll his name as a freshman in Bowdoin College. He was then in the fourteenth year of his age; and the fact of his being ready at such an age for college, though not unprecedented, was early, even for that time, when colleges were less exacting and boys more precocious than now.

Already the boy had given evidences that led others to the expectation that his would be a literary career. While yet in his ninth year, he wrote his first verses. There is a tradition that his teacher wanted him to write a composition, a task from which the boy very naturally shrank.

"You can write words, can you not?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," was the response.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the teacher, "you may take

your slate and go out behind the schoolhouse, and there you can find something to write about; and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it; and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near; and, seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allowed the boy for his first undertaking in writing compositions. Within the prescribed time he carried in his work, all accomplished, and surprised his teacher with a poem. This poem is not in existence, though a poem purporting to be this has often been published.

When young Longfellow was barely thirteen years of age, and still a pupil at the Portland Academy, he composed a bolder effort, which is still preserved in manuscript, entitled "Venice, an Italian Song." The manuscript is dated, "Portland Academy, March 17, 1820," and is signed with the full name of the author.

The first published poem of Longfellow's was on "Lovewell's Fight." It was composed while he was attending the academy, just after he had been reading an account of the French and Indian war. Having written it to his taste, and copied it neatly on a fresh sheet of paper, it suddenly occurred to him that it was

worthy of being printed. The young author had never yet seen aught of his compositions in type, and, unlike many young writers of later day, he was extremely shy about making a beginning. But the persuasion of one of his schoolfellows overcame his modesty; and so, late on a certain evening, he mustered up courage to go and drop the manuscript into the editorial box of one of the two weekly newspapers then published in the town. He waited patiently for the next issue of the paper, and was not a little chagrined to find when it appeared that the poem was left out. Several weeks went by, and still the poem remained unpublished. In a fit of disgust the young author, yet only a lad of thirteen years, repaired to the editorial sanctum and demanded the return of the insulted manuscript. The request was granted, and Longfellow then carried it to the editor of the rival newspaper, the *Portland Gazette*, by whom it was at once accepted and published. From that day the young poet was at liberty to print in the columns of that journal whatever he might happen to write; nor did he permit the opportunity to slip by unimproved.

Longfellow himself, in his prose romance called *Fanshawe*, has given us a pretty picture of the opening of his college life. He says:

“From the exterior of the collegians an accurate observer might pretty safely judge how

long they had been inmates of those classic walls. The brown cheeks and the rustic dress of some would inform him that they had but recently left the plow to labor in a not less toilsome field. The grave look, and the intermingling of garments of a more classic cut, would distinguish those who had begun to acquire the polish of their new residence; and the air of superiority, the paler cheek, the less robust form, the spectacles of green, and the dress in general of threadbare black would designate the highest class, who were understood to have acquired nearly all the science their *alma mater* could bestow, and to be on the point of assuming their stations in the world. There were, it is true, exceptions to this general description. A few young men had found their way hither from the distant seaports; and these were the models of fashion to their rustic companions, over whom they asserted a superiority in exterior accomplishments which the fresh though unpolished intellect of the sons of the forest denied them in their literary competitions. A third class, differing widely from both the former, consisted of a few young descendants of the aborigines, to whom an impracticable philanthropy was endeavoring to impart the benefits of civilization.

"If this institution did not offer all the advantages of elder and prouder seminaries, its

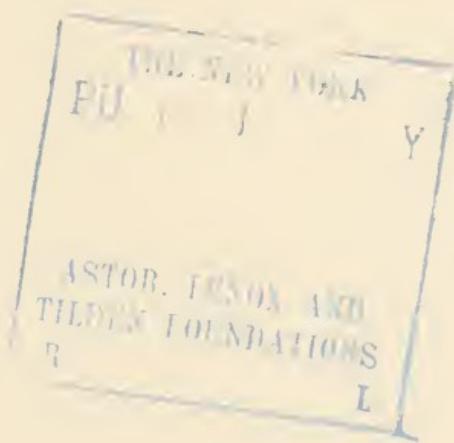
deficiencies were compensated to its students by the inculcation of regular habits, and of a deep and awful sense of religion, which seldom deserted them in their course through life. The mild and gentle rule was more destructive to vice than a sterner sway ; and, though youth is never without its follies, they have seldom been more harmless than they were here. The students, indeed, ignorant of their own bliss, sometimes wished to hasten the time of their entrance on the business of life; but they found, in after years, that many of their happiest remembrances, many of the scenes which they would with least reluctance live over again, referred to the seat of their early studies."

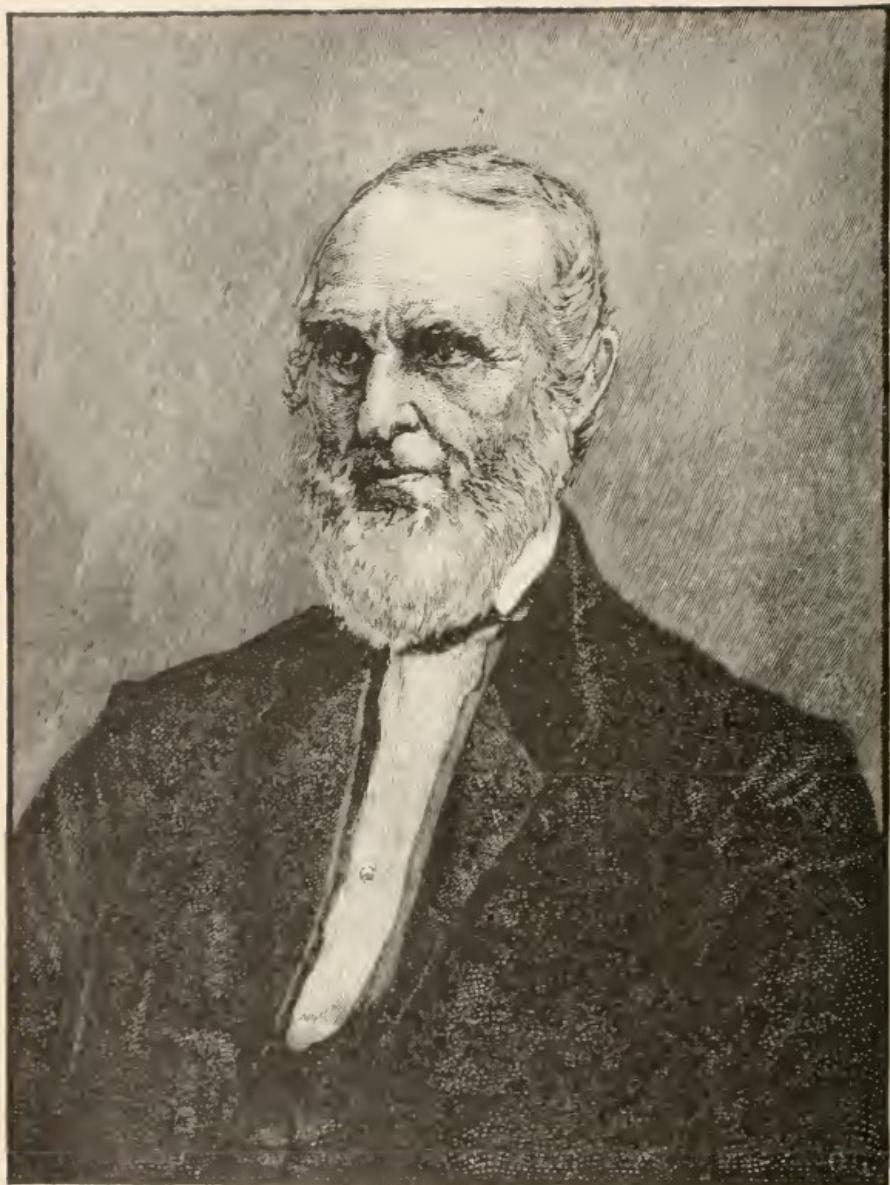
In Bowdoin College Longfellow came under the touch of at least one man who was a great genius in imparting knowledge; this was Professor Parker Cleaveland, who was the glory of Bowdoin for more than half a century. It is of this "grand old teacher" that Longfellow speaks in a sonnet written during his visit to Brunswick in the summer of 1875:

"Among the many lives that I have known,
None I remember more serene and sweet.
More rounded in itself and more complete,
Than his who lies beneath this funeral stone.
These pines, that murmur in low monotone,
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,
Were all his world; but in this calm retreat
For him the teacher's chair became a throne.

With fond affection memory loves to dwell
 On the old days, when his example made
 A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen;
And now, amid the groves he loved so well
 That naught could lure him from their grateful
 shade.
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said,
 ‘Amen!’ ”

At the time of his graduation Longfellow was nineteen years of age. So full of promise was his future that, only a few months after his graduation, he was chosen to fill the chair of modern languages and literature in his *alma mater*. So it was his manhood begun before his youth had scarcely ended.





JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE great Quaker poet, Whittier, was a farm boy. The family were not considered poor farmers in those days, though it would seem poor enough now. Their farm, which was bought for six hundred dollars borrowed money, yielded nearly every article of food consumed, as well as the flax and wool spun and woven by the diligent mother into cloth for their homemade clothes. We may be sure there were no luxuries. There were no ulsters in those days, and warm flannels were little known and almost unworn, so that the poet in later years declared that in boyhood he often suffered bitterly from the cold, especially in those long drives to the Friends' meeting-house, eight miles away in Amesbury.

And yet the family life of the Whittiers, plain and simple as it was from necessity, was made charming and delightful, notwithstanding the hard work, by the perpetual cheerfulness, humor, and wit, and calm and trustful piety, of all the members of the household flock. Everyone who entered the home went away to bear testimony to the good cheer of the Whittier atmosphere.

The reading matter of the farmhouse group

consisted of a few religious books, the almanac, and a local weekly newspaper. In Whittier's boyhood the whipping post and stocks were still to be seen at Newburyport, and he was one day shown in Salem the tree on which the witches were hanged. People were mostly their own doctors at that day in New England. If a tooth was to be pulled you must go either to a physician or to a horse doctor, as the days of dentistry had not yet arrived. A story is told of one horse doctor of the time who, when the trembling victim, seated in a chair, was ruefully eyeing his rude instruments of torture, always used to say consolingly, "Don't ye be scared now; if I break your jah I'll give ye my oxen!"

Whittier first attended the district school when he was a lad of seven years. The schoolhouse was warmed by a fireplace, the wood for which was split and piled up and brought in by the boys as needed. There were no writing books, but a strong coarse paper, foolscap size, was used, either in single sheets or the sheets stitched together. Lead pencils were unknown; a chunky plummet of lead was used instead, and it was usually made at home, and cut into various shapes to suit the owner's taste. Whittier's first schoolmaster was Joshua Coffin, who was teaching that winter in a private house, as the schoolhouse was undergoing repairs. This explains a mysterious pas-

sage in the poem, "To My Old Schoolmaster," in which we read of the sound of the cradle-rock and squall coming through the cracked and crazy wall, and "the good man's voice at strife with his shrill and tipsy wife."

In succeeding winters John and his brother learned their lessons in the brown schoolhouse that stood a half mile from home but has long ago disappeared. No poet has made more of his school days, as literary material, than Whittier. Such poems as "In School Days," "My Playmate," "Snowbound," "The Barefoot Boy," and the poem already referred to, "To My Old Schoolmaster," are all largely drawn from the poet's happy memories of the little brown schoolhouse.

Whittier began to write poems very early. The poems of Burns furnished the brand which first caused the poetic flame to flash up in his own soul. When young Whittier was about sixteen years old William Lloyd Garrison was printing the *Free Press* in Newburyport. Garrison himself was very young, and he is described as being at that time a neatly dressed youth, popular with young ladies; having rich dark-brown hair, forehead high and very white, cheeks ruddy, lips full and sensitive, wide hazel eyes, active movements, and a bright and happy disposition.

The young poet's father had subscribed for Garrison's *Free Press*, and was much pleased

with its humanitarian tone. John Greenleaf's elder sister, Mary, had, unknown to him, sent to the *Free Press*, by the postman, in 1826, a poem of her brother's.

One day, as the boy was mending a stone fence by the road, the postman threw him the family copy of the *Free Press*, and he was dumfounded to find his own production in the poet's corner. That was the beginning of his fame, and of his friendship with Garrison. William Lloyd Garrison tells the story himself in a very interesting way. He says:

"Going up stairs to my office one day, I observed a letter lying near the door, to my address; which, on opening, I found to contain an original piece of poetry for my paper, the *Free Press*. The ink was very pale, the handwriting very small; and having at that time a horror of newspaper 'original poetry'—which was rather increased than diminished with the lapse of time—my first impulse was to tear it in pieces without reading it, the chances of rejection after its perusal being as ninety-nine to one. . . . But, summoning resolution to read it, I was equally surprised and gratified to find it above mediocrity, and so gave it a place in my journal. . . . As I was anxious to find out the writer, my postrider one day divulged the secret, stating that he had dropped the letter in the manner described, and that it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier, who was

daily at work on the shoemaker's bench with hammer and lapstone at East Haverhill. Jumping into a vehicle, I lost no time in driving with a friend to see the youthful rustic bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden. Giving some words of encouragement, I addressed myself more particularly to his parents, and urged them with great earnestness to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remarkable genius."

On another occasion Mr. Garrison wrote: "I found him a bashful boy covered with blushes, from whom scarcely a word could be extracted."

It happened that on the occasion of Garrison's call young Whittier had been at work in the field, and, on being called, he had come up to the back door, and got on his coat and shoes—for he had been working barefooted in the field—and exchanged a few words with his callers, when his father appeared on the scene.

"Is this Friend Whittier?" inquired Garrison.

"Yes."

"We want to see you about your son."

"Why, what has the boy been doing?" inquired the father, anxiously.

On learning that the boy's crime was nothing worse than scribbling poetry his alarm

was quieted. He informed Mr. Garrison that the boy began writing verse almost as soon as he could write at all, and when pen and ink failed him he would resort to chalk and charcoal—but all with so much secrecy that it was only by removing some rubbish in the garret that his concealed manuscripts had been brought to light. When Garrison urged the father to give him an education, and allow him to follow his guiding star, the father answered with deep emotion, “Sir, poetry will not give him bread,” and begged him not to put such notions into his son’s head.

The visit of the young editor had a marvelous effect on the mind of the budding poet. It sowed the seed of a noble ambition in his soul. Every day he grew more determined to get a better education. It seemed utterly out of the question for his father to afford for him a single term’s schooling away from home. But “where there is a will there is a way,” and John Greenleaf Whittier had a will. It happened that the young man who helped on the farm in summer was accustomed to make ladies’ shoes and slippers during the winter, and he agreed to instruct Whittier in the art of shoemaking, and thus enable him to get money for a term of schooling at Haverhill Academy.

Whittier entered that academy in April, 1827, and remained six months, returning

home every Friday evening. The master of the school could with difficulty be made to believe that the first composition handed in by Whittier had been written by him without assistance. But the matter was soon put beyond question by the production of many more of still greater merit. He did not indulge in a single luxury this first winter; for at the end of the half year he still had the Mexican quarter of a dollar which remained as surplus after he had carefully calculated and apportioned his expenses.

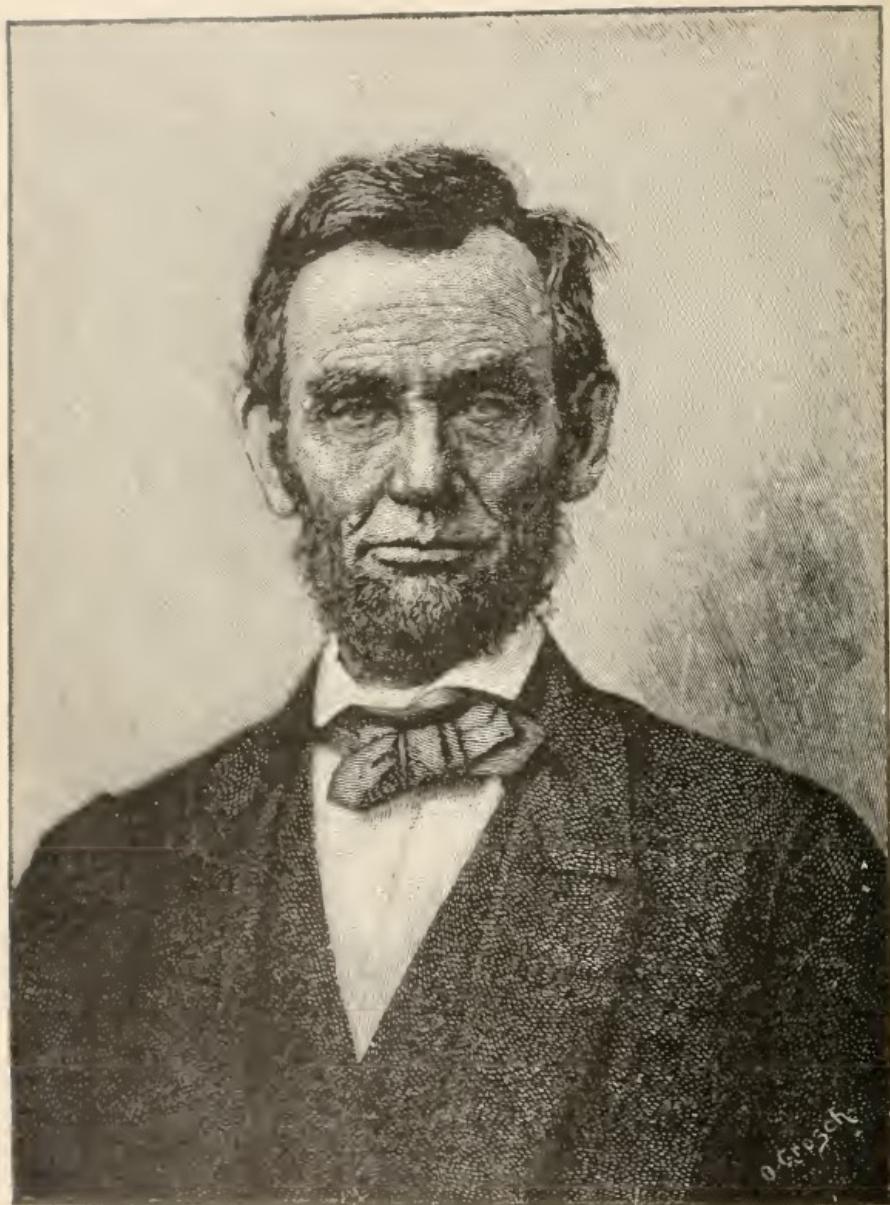
Friends of the academy days describe Whittier as a silent, thinking boy, neatly dressed, rather lionized at school, especially by the girls; one whom you would turn to look at a second time on the street. At the Wednesday afternoon meetings of the scholars for social and literary entertainment he was usually present, and entered into the spirit of the hour with zest, freed for the time being from the bashful reserve which usually characterized him in public.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was in his tenth year his noble mother, Nancy Lincoln, to whom he owed more than to all others on earth his splendid future career, fell asleep in death in the little log cabin in the forest in Indiana. So good a woman was this mother of Lincoln that when this ten-year-old boy wrote a letter to the Methodist circuit rider and told him about the death of his mother that good man, Rev. Mr. Elkin, rode a hundred miles on horseback, through the wilderness, to pay his tribute of respect and honor to her memory. Dr. J. G. Holland has given an interesting picture of that most striking event in the life of young Lincoln. It was a bright Sabbath morning the settlers of the region started for the cabin of the Lincolns, and as they gathered in they presented a picture worthy of the pencil of the worthiest painter. Some came in carts of the rudest construction, their wheels consisting of sections of the huge boles of forest trees, and every other member the produce of the ax and auger; some came on horseback, two or three upon a horse; others came in wagons drawn by oxen, and still others came on foot. Two hundred persons in all were assembled when Parson Elkin

came out from the Lincoln cabin, accompanied by the little family, and proceeded to the tree under which the precious dust of the wife and mother was buried. And there under the great tree the circuit rider paid his warm tribute of praise to the Christian woman who had laid her hand with such divine influence on the early years of Abraham Lincoln. It was a picture which never faded from the mind and heart of Lincoln, and to his dying day he recalled it again and again with loving remembrance.

Abraham Lincoln's education was mostly secured by books he was able to borrow in the settlements, and which he read until they were a part of his very self. He read the Bible until he had committed much of it to heart. He read *Aesop's Fables* until he had absorbed every one, and when we remember his marvelous gift as a story-teller in later years we must believe that he swallowed the spirit as well as the letter. *Pilgrim's Progress*, Weems's *Life of Washington*, and a *Life of Henry Clay* which his mother had managed to purchase for him were also among his earliest favorites. A little later he read the *Life of Franklin* and Ramsey's *Life of Washington*. These books were not only bread and meat for this young mind, but they inspired in him ideals of living toward which he strove throughout his entire career.

The days of Lincoln's years following the death of his mother were full of work. He was stalwart, full of muscular strength, and a good hand everywhere. His helpful spirit began to show itself early. One evening, while returning from a "house raising" in the neighborhood, with a number of companions, he discovered a straying horse with saddle and bridle on him. The horse was recognized as belonging to a man who was accustomed to excess in drink, and it was suspected at once that the owner was not far off. A short search only was necessary to confirm the suspicions of the young men. The poor drunkard was found in a perfectly helpless condition upon the chilly ground. Abraham's companions urged the cowardly policy of leaving him to his fate, but young Lincoln would not hear to the proposition. At his request the miserable sot was lifted to his shoulders, and he actually carried him eighty rods to the nearest house. Sending word to his father that he should not be back that night, with the reason for his absence, he attended and nursed the man until the morning, and had the pleasure of believing that he had saved his life.

The poverty of the conditions which surrounded the future President of the United States and one of the world's immortal characters is plainly suggested by an incident which Mr. Lincoln related during the civil war

to his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward. Lincoln was eighteen years old, and had built a little boat to take the farm produce down the river to market. As he stood at the landing one day a steamer approached, coming down the river. At the same time two passengers came to the river's bank, who wished to be taken out to the steamer with their luggage. Looking among the boats at the landing, they singled out Abraham's, and asked him to row them to the steamer. This he did, and after seeing them and their trunks on board he had the pleasure of receiving upon the bottom of his boat, before he shoved off, a silver half dollar from each of his passengers. "I could scarcely believe my eyes," said Mr. Lincoln, in telling the story. "You may think it was a very little thing," continued he, "but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

At the age of nineteen Lincoln hired out to a neighbor to take charge of a flatboat and its cargo, and, in company with the neighbor's son, to take it to the sugar plantations near New Orleans. The entire business of the trip was placed in Abraham's hands. This fact alone vouches for the young man's reputation among the people where he lived as a young

fellow of force and honesty. He had never made the trip, knew nothing of the journey, was unaccustomed to business transactions, had never been much upon the river; but his tact, ability, and honesty were so far trusted that his neighbor, who knew him well, was willing to risk his cargo and his son in his care.

It was a great day for young Lincoln when he turned his clumsy craft loose from the shore and started on a ride of eighteen hundred miles with an opportunity to see more of the world than, up to this time, he had dreamed of beholding. Though only nineteen years of age, he was a tall and powerful man in appearance. He had reached the unusual height of six feet and four inches, and was a marked man for physical strength, even among the tall and hardy pioneers of the backwoods.

The journey to New Orleans was not without some exciting events. Arriving at a sugar plantation somewhere below Natchez, the boat was pulled in and tied to the shore for the purposes of trade; and here an incident occurred that threatened for the moment to be serious. Soon after night had fallen young Lincoln and his fellow-voyager had lain down upon their hard bed to sleep. Hearing a noise on shore, Abraham shouted, "Who's there?" The noise continuing, and no voice replying, he sprang to his feet, and saw seven negroes, evi-

dently bent on plunder. He guessed their errand at once, and seizing a handspike rushed toward them, and knocked one into the water the moment that he touched the boat. The second, third, and fourth who leaped on board were served in the same rough way. Seeing that they were not likely to make headway in their thieving enterprise, the remainder turned to flee. Abraham and his companion, growing excited and warm with their work, leaped on shore, and followed them. Both were too swift of foot for the negroes, and all of them received a severe pounding. They returned to their boat just as the others escaped from the water, but the latter fled into the darkness as fast as their feet could carry them. Abraham and his fellow in the fight were both injured, but not disabled. Not being armed, and unwilling to wait until the negroes had received reinforcements, they cut adrift, and floated down a mile or two, tied up to the bank again, and watched and waited for the morning.

He had still another experience with the negroes while in New Orleans which made a lasting impression on his mind and had much to do with his future career. It was in New Orleans he first came into actual contact with the worst features of slavery. For the first time he entered a slave market and saw human beings put up at auction and sold like cattle. He stood by, transfixed with horror, and saw

families separated, and the hopeless sorrow of father and mother as the children were torn from their arms to be led away to be slaves in some distant and to them unknown land. He saw the whipping post, with all its attendant horrors, and heard the stinging blows of the lash and the groans of the poor victims. As Abraham Lincoln turned away from these terrible scenes, he turned to his neighbor with his face all aflame with passion, and said through his set teeth:

"If I ever get a chance to hit that institution I will hit it hard, John!"

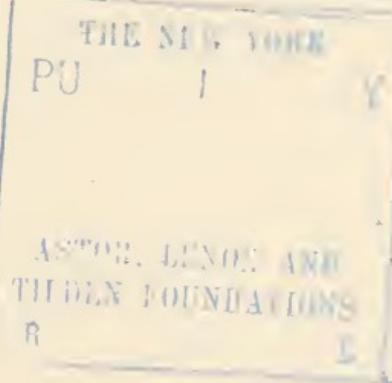
The neighbor who had employed Lincoln to make the trip to New Orleans was so well pleased with him that on his return he asked him to take charge of a country store which he owned at New Salem. Many are the stories which are told of his experiences in that store. On one occasion he sold a woman a little bill of goods, amounting in value, by the reckoning, to two dollars and six and a quarter cents. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again, to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had six and a quarter cents too much. It was night, and, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer, and, delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him,

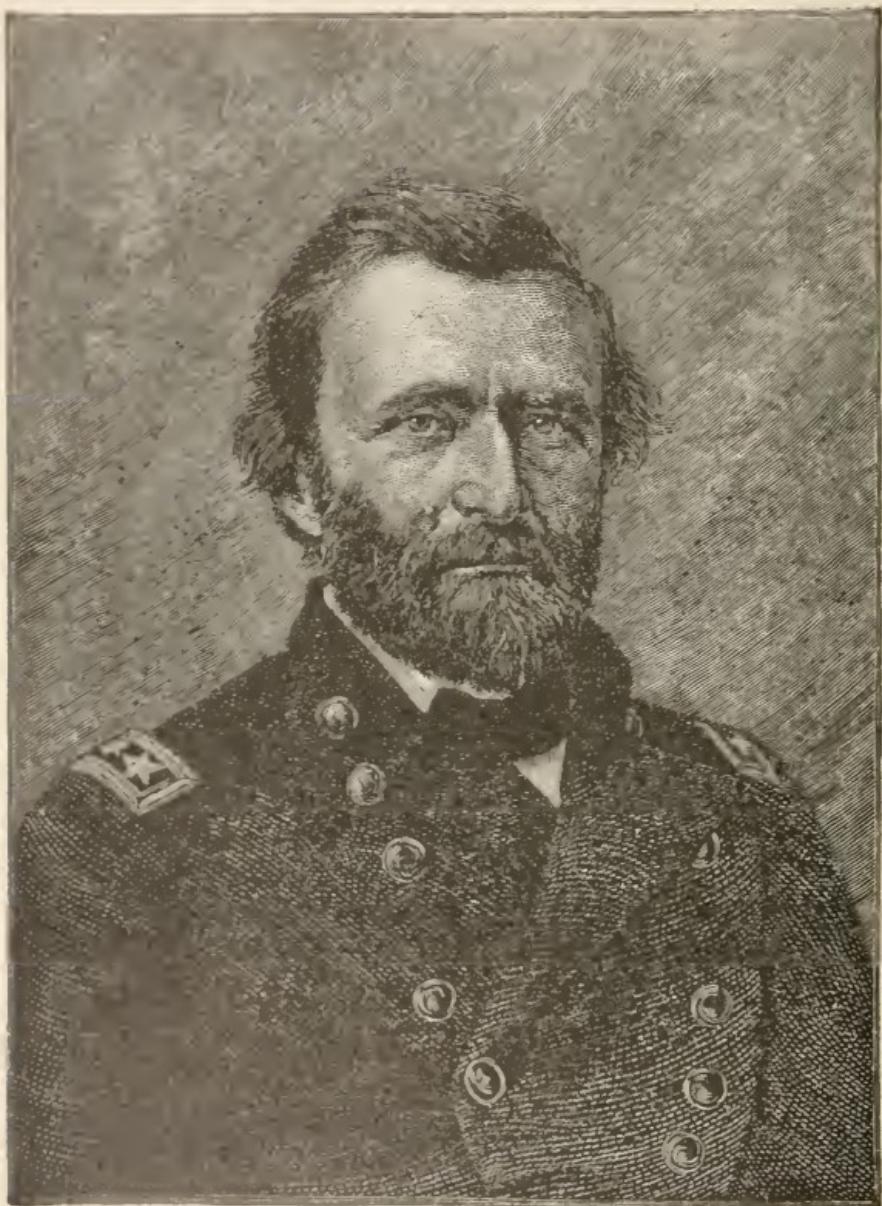
went home satisfied. No wonder he came to be known as "Honest Abe."

It was a rude region, but even among his coarse pioneer experiences Lincoln showed in his youth the fine grain of the man of honor that was being builded in him.

One day he was showing goods to some women, when a bully came in and began to talk in an offensive manner, using much profanity, and evidently wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leaped over the counter, and begged him, as ladies were present, not to indulge in such talk. The bully retorted that the opportunity had come for which he had long sought, and he would like to see the man who could hinder him from saying anything he might choose to say. Lincoln, still cool, told him that if he would wait until the ladies retired he would hear what he had to say and give him any satisfaction he desired. As soon as the women were gone the man became furious. Lincoln heard his boasts and his abuse for a time, and, finding that he was not to be put off without a fight, said, "Well, if you must be whipped I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man." This was just what the bully had been seeking, he said, so out of doors they went, and Lincoln made short work with him. He threw him upon the ground, held him there as if he had been a child, and gathering some smartweed which

grew upon the spot rubbed it into his face and eyes until the fellow bellowed with pain. Lincoln did all this without a particle of anger, and when the job was finished went immediately for water, washed his victim's face, and did everything he could to alleviate his distress. The upshot of the matter was that the man became his fast and lifelong friend, and was a better man from that day. It was impossible then, and it always remained impossible, for Lincoln to cherish resentment or revenge.





ULYSSES S. GRANT

ULYSSES S. GRANT

ULYSSES S. GRANT, the great general of the civil war, and twice President of the United States, spent the first seventeen years of his life in Claremont County, Ohio, where he was born on the 27th of April, 1822. This was before the days of free schools in Ohio, and such schools as there were were supported by subscription. They were unclassified schools, in which the infant learning the A B C's and the young man or the young woman, full-grown, sat side by side. Such early education as young Grant received was mostly in a village school of this sort. He was not a particularly studious boy, and though his father sent him away one winter to Maysville, Ky., and another to Ripley, O., he says in his *Memoirs* that he doubts if he made progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. Both winters were spent going over the same old arithmetic which he knew every word of before, and repeating, "A noun is the name of a thing," which he had heard repeated by such a variety of teachers that he had at last come to believe it.

The future general's father was in very comfortable circumstances, considering the

times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children. Consequently, young Ulysses never missed a quarter of school which it was possible for him to attend. But between times Ulysses was kept busy at work. The elder Grant not only carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, but also owned and tilled quite a large farm. Ulysses detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but he was fond of farming, and of all work in which horses were used. His father had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village of Georgetown, where the family lived. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelve-month. When the young boy was seven or eight years of age he began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. He could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but he could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload. When about eleven years old he was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen he did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood,

besides attending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, and other such work, while still attending school.

General Grant wrote in later years that he was compensated for this work by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishment by his parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting his grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

In the winter of 1838-39, when Ulysses came home from Ripley, ten miles away, to attend the Christmas holidays, his father received a letter from the Hon. Thomas Morris, then the United States senator from Ohio. After reading it he turned to the boy, and said, "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?" the boy inquired, with astonishment.

"To West Point; I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," he said.

The father replied that he thought he would, and Grant, telling the story, says, "I thought so too, if he did."

He really had no objections to going to West Point except that he had very exaggerated ideas of the preparation necessary to get

through. A young man in the same neighborhood had been appointed to West Point and had been dismissed after a year's trial, and his father had forbidden him to come home—he was so mortified about his son's failure. Naturally all this made young Grant very sensitive about the matter.

The appointment came in due time, and young Grant made his preparations for what then was as great a journey as it would be now to go to Europe. He took passage on a steamer at Ripley, O., for Pittsburg, about the middle of May. Western boats at that day did not make regular trips at stated times, but would stop anywhere, and for almost any length of time, for passengers or freight. Sometimes they would be detained two or three days at a place after steam was up, the gang planks all but one drawn in, and after the time advertised for starting had expired. On this trip, however, great expedition was made, and our young traveler reached Pittsburg in about three days. From Pittsburg he chose passage by the canal to Harrisburg. This gave a better opportunity of enjoying the fine scenery than the stage route. From Harrisburg to Philadelphia there was a railroad, the first Grant had ever seen, except the one on which he had just crossed the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, and over which canal boats were transported. In traveling by this road

from Harrisburg Grant thought that the perfection of rapid transit had been reached. They actually traveled at the rate of eighteen miles an hour when at full speed, and averaged the remarkable speed of twelve miles an hour for the entire journey. For the prospective soldier this seemed like annihilating space. He stopped five days in Philadelphia, saw every street in the city, visited Girard College, which was then being built, and got a severe reproof from home afterward for dallying by the way so long. His sojourn in New York was shorter, but long enough for him to see the city very well. He reported at West Point the last of May, and to his great surprise passed his examination for admission without difficulty.

A military life had no charms for Grant, and he had not the faintest idea of staying in the army even if he should be graduated, which he scarcely dared to hope. When the summer camp broke up, and the time came to go back into barracks, he felt as though he had been at West Point always, and that if he stayed to graduation he would have to remain always. Mathematics was very easy to him, and he passed his examinations well. But in French his standing was very low—so low, indeed, that he said himself if the class had been turned the other end foremost he should have been near head. During the entire four

years he never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of his class in any one study.

Early in the session of Congress which met in December of Grant's first year at West Point a bill was discussed abolishing the Military Academy. Ulysses was greatly delighted at this. He saw in this an honorable way to obtain a discharge, and read the debates with much interest, but with impatience at the delay in taking action. The newspaper had never had so much interest for him before. The bill never passed, and a year later, although the time hung drearily with him, he would have been sorry to have seen it succeed. His idea then was to get through the course, secure a detail for a few years as assistant professor of mathematics at the academy, and afterward obtain a permanent position as professor in some respectable college; but Providence had other work for him to do.

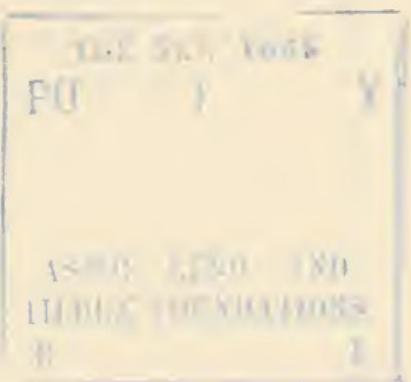
Young Grant had only one visit home during his four years at West Point; that was at the middle of his term. He had ten weeks at home. His father had bought a young horse, that had never been in harness, for his special use under the saddle during his furlough. Most of his time was spent among his old schoolmates, and those ten weeks seemed shorter than one week at West Point.

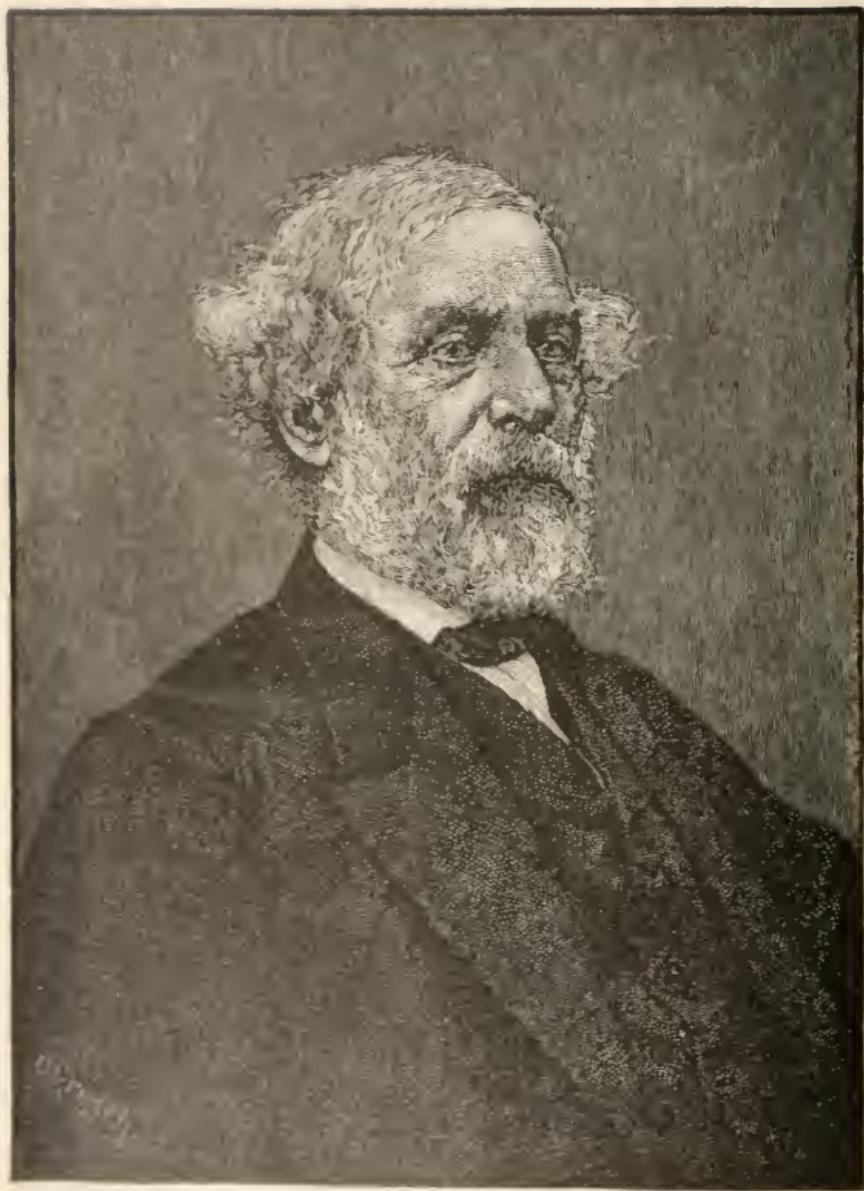
General Grant tells in his *Memoirs* of two

amusing incidents which knocked the conceit out of him soon after his receiving his first officer's uniform. He was very proud of his clothes when they first came from the tailor, and was impatient to have his old schoolmates, particularly the girls, see him in uniform. Soon after the arrival of the suit he donned it, and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While he was riding along a street of that city, imagining that everyone was looking at him, with a feeling akin to what his own had been when he first saw General Scott on review, a little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with dirty and ragged pants held up by a single gallows, and a shirt that had not seen a washtub for weeks, turned to him and cried, "Soldier, will you work? No, sir-ee; I'll sell my shirt first!" Grant's egotism subsided.

The other circumstance occurred at home. Opposite his father's house stood the old stage tavern. The stableman was a dissipated old fellow, but was the village wag. On Grant's return he found this old man parading the streets and attending in the stable barefooted but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons—just the color of Grant's uniform trousers—with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seams, in imitation of the young officer's. The joke was a huge one in the minds of many of the people, but Grant

did not appreciate it, and received such a distaste for military uniform from these two occurrences that he never got over it during the rest of his life, and never wore a uniform when he could help it.





ROBERT EDWARD LEE

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

“LIGHT-HORSE HARRY” LEE was a brilliant and daring character in the War of the Revolution. Perhaps no other cavalry leader equaled him in dash and sustained ability and courage. He was not only a brilliant soldier, but a remarkably clear-headed judge of events and of public men. It was this same “Light-horse Harry” who uttered that immortal sentence summing up the career of Washington, so oft quoted, “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.” The last word is very often misquoted, “countrymen,” for the sake of euphony, no doubt, but the former sentence is as Lee pronounced it.

Robert Edward Lee, who vies with General Grant for the place of the great general developed in the civil war, undoubtedly received his military genius and his fiery zeal from his dashing and heroic father; but in moral and spiritual nature his mother, who was Anne Hill Carpenter, furnished her full share of worthy characteristics in balancing the powers of her son who was to play so conspicuous a part in the most critical epoch of American history.

Robert Edward Lee was born January 19, 1807, in Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va. In 1811, by the removal of his father to Alexandria, in Fairfax County, the young boy, whose name was to be linked with the name of Washington in later years by his marriage, was brought into the same atmosphere and surroundings as the Father of his Country. Col. Henry Lee changed his residence in order to afford his eight children better educational privileges, and the family were left living in Alexandria when "Light-horse Harry," now an old veteran, who had been commissioned by his friend, President Madison, as major general in the army for the invasion of Canada, marched forth in July, 1812, to the relief and support of another friend, the Federalist editor Hanson. In the defense of Hanson he was wounded by a political mob in Baltimore. These wounds gave him much trouble, and afterward sent him for five years to the West Indies in a vain search for health, and to Cumberland Island, off the Georgia coast, the estate of his dead comrade, General Nathaniel Greene, to find release from his suffering far from his home and his kindred. The romantic life of Robert E. Lee's father forms a beautiful and brilliant background for the quiet and steady virtues of the son. It reminds one of a stream that rises in some high mountains and comes dashing and splashing

over the bowlders, leaping over the heights in great cataracts, whipped white in a mad race toward the valleys, but which after the mountains are cleared, and the foothills and the open land appear, flows on strongly, but steadily, within its banks. So, out of the mountainous background of the Revolution the dashing heroic blood of the Lee family comes sparkling and romantic, full of fire and excess of energy, until in the veins of Robert Lee there is the same steady purpose, the same strong courage, the same high honor, but all inherited passions and powers kept in splendid subjection by a well-balanced and a highly developed moral nature.

During these years when General Henry Lee was in the South searching for health Robert's brother, Carter, was at Harvard, and another brother, Sydney Smith, was in the navy, leaving Robert as the nurse and mainstay of his invalid mother; for one of his sisters was an invalid also, and one was still younger than himself. This was no burden for a boy like Robert Lee. He loved his mother with great devotion, and she received his homage and service with such tender gratitude that to serve her was his greatest joy.

Robert E. Lee was one of the kind of boys who never give either their parents or teachers cause for trouble or annoyance. His father once wrote of him to a friend, "Robert was

always good." And a schoolmaster, who trained him in mathematics for West Point, bore the same testimony in almost the identical words; he was the pride and admiration of his relatives and friends. The boy grew up beautiful in form and face, and with such dignity and grace, such self-poise and single-hearted devotion to duty, that he was almost an ideal character to those who knew him.

His choice of a military career had been made for him by his inheritance of blood. The soldier spirit was born in him. That spirit which had flamed forth with such tremendous expression in his father could not die out without another generation of utterance. It is also probable that he was helped or encouraged to make this decision because his mother was in limited circumstances, and in this way he could relieve her of the necessity of his support. One of his biographers suggests that he would have succeeded equally well in the ministry; for his mere presence was, from his earliest youth, a reproof to vice, and there is a story of a dissipated host of his who came to his young guest's room, without Lee having said a word to him of his faults, and confessed his sins and promised amendment. But Lee was destined to illustrate the Christian virtues in the military academy, in the camp, and on the battlefield, instead of in the pulpit.

Another of his biographers says:

"In person Lee was strikingly handsome. He was tall in stature and possessed one of the most perfectly proportioned figures the writer ever saw. He was so perfectly proportioned and so graceful in motion that walking seemed to be no exertion to him. His features were handsome, and his expression commanding, yet kind and winning. In his manner he was quiet and modest, but thoroughly self-possessed. His whole bearing seemed to be to merit the expression of 'antique heroism' applied to him by a foreign writer. He was courteous and kind to all. He was devotedly loved by his friends, and personally he had no enemies. He was strong in his friendships, and slow to condemn anyone. His moderation was most remarkable. He was absolutely free from bitterness of feeling, and always spoke of his adversaries with kindness and respect. He possessed the most perfect command over his temper, and it is said that he was never seen angry. An oath never passed his lips, and he used neither tobacco nor liquors."

This is certainly high praise, and such as could not be uttered concerning many public men, and yet there has nothing ever come to light concerning Robert E. Lee to throw any cloud over this tribute.

Lee entered West Point in 1825 on an appointment secured for him by General Andrew Jackson, on whom he had made a good impres-

sion. His high Christian character was beautifully illustrated throughout his entire career at West Point. He had the distinction of receiving not a single demerit during the years of his course, was punctilious in performing his soldierly duties, contracted no vices or unsavory habits, and at the last gave proof of his diligence and of the clearness and strength of his mind by graduating, after a four years' course, with the second highest honors of his class. He was at once appointed second lieutenant of engineers, and hastened home to his mother, who was very ill, and who had only time to smile upon her darling soldier boy before she left him for the final sleep.

Two years later another woman came into Lee's life who continued to give him added faith in the nobility and blessedness of womanhood. During his boyhood he had visited, at Arlington, the home of Washington Parke Custis, and had become very much attached to Mary Randolph, a granddaughter of the wife of Washington. She was a lovely girl, and a great heiress. The attachment was mutual, and as Robert Lee came home on his vacation, in his cadet uniform, he had completely won the heart of the graceful and beautiful young mistress of Arlington. In due time the courtship ended in a charming old-fashioned country wedding. It was a meeting of rare and beautiful natures, and nothing but happy-

ness and honor ever flowed forth from that union.

Robert Lee's honeymoon was spent at Arlington, but it was only a poising before the flight, for his chosen profession soon led him forth to his noble though stormy life.

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WILLIAM MCKINLEY

WILLIAM McKINLEY

NILES, OHIO, claims the honor of being the birthplace of our third martyr President, William McKinley. When his biographer visited Niles to find out what he could about the embryo President he ran across an old truant officer, named Joe Fisher, who pointed out the house where McKinley was born, and was full of all sorts of reminiscences. "I declare I never thought 'Bill' would be President," said Joe Fisher. "Little did I suppose as I sat fishing with him on Mosquito Creek, with our legs dangling from the edge of the bridge, or as we caught angleworms to bait our hooks, that I was with a coming President. I well remember his patience with the hook and line. The rest of the boys would get disgusted at not getting a bite, and go in bathing, but 'Bill' would keep on fishing. When it came time to go home he would carry a string of fish, while the rest had to be content with their baths. Sometimes we would all have good luck, and the strings of fish we would carry home suspended from a pole across our shoulders would make the eyes of everyone we passed stick 'way out."

When about fifteen years of age McKinley

moved with his parents to Poland, O., which is about six miles from Youngstown. There for a long time he helped his father days, and studied nights. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, though by no means rich. William never knew any struggle with grinding poverty, yet he knew what it was to do good solid work for a living. He was fond of play and out-of-door sports, and was always known as a good-humored, jolly playmate.

William McKinley's first schooling was in the public school at Niles, and the removal to Poland was specially for the purpose that William and the other children of the family might enjoy the advantages of the academy in that town. In both the public school and the academy he was afterward remembered, not as a particularly brilliant scholar, but as a thoroughly good, all-around student, who always did his work honestly and well. He already had a leaning toward argument and oratory, and was prominent in all schoolboy debates. At Poland there was a literary society and debating club, and William was for a while president of this organization. The story is told that the boys and girls saved up their spending money until they had enough to buy a carpet for the meeting room of the club. They purchased at a neighboring carpet store what they deemed an exceedingly handsome fabric. Its ground work was green, and its

ornamentation gorgeous golden wreaths. The society unanimously decided that no boots should ever profane that sacred carpet, and the girl members, therefore, volunteered to knit slippers for all the members to wear. Unfortunately, the slippers were not ready for the first meeting, and so all the members who attended, and the visitors, too, were required to put off their shoes from their feet, and listen to the debate shod only in stockings. The debaters themselves did likewise, and young McKinley presided over the meeting in his stocking feet.

At the age of sixteen McKinley went from the Poland Academy to enter Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa. He had only gotten well started in his studies there, however, when he fell ill and was compelled to return home. When his health was restored he found his father so embarrassed in his business affairs that he could not further aid him, and saw he must depend on his own resources. He soon secured a district school near Poland, where he received twenty-five dollars a month salary and boarded around. Much of the time, however, he lived at home, walking to and from school every day, a distance of several miles, in preference to being away from his mother at night. His intention was to save up a little money and return to college. But just then the war came on and changed his career.

At the call of Abraham Lincoln for volunteers, in 1861, one of the first towns to respond with a company was Poland, O. Among those who composed this company, many of them boys, was the young teacher, William McKinley, then not eighteen years of age, a pale-faced, slender youth of scarcely middle height but full of boyish energy and vim.

General Fremont inspected and mustered in the recruits. He examined young McKinley, pounded his chest, looked into his eyes, and said, "You'll do." That was perhaps the proudest moment William had ever known, to be thus treated by the famous "Pathfinder" of whose thrilling adventures he had often read with unbounded admiration.

For many months William McKinley carried a musket in the ranks. He was a good soldier, intelligently obedient to his superior officers, and genial and generous to his comrades. He showed himself from the first an ardent and faithful soldier, and went through the trying West Virginia campaign in a manner to attract the favorable attention of his officers. As a result, on April 19, 1862, he was appointed commissary sergeant to the regiment—a responsible and trying position for the ten-months soldier and youth of nineteen. That he was competent to fill the duties of the position with skill and ability the future clearly showed.

But the young school-teacher soldier who was made a sergeant in West Virginia won a commission at Antietam. This he did by a striking act of coolness and daring, and in the practical method which was conspicuous throughout his subsequent career. There is always a mob of faint hearts in the rear of a line of battle, who seek to shirk their duty. If these men would not fight they might be otherwise employed. McKinley knew that the soldiers who had toiled and struggled under a burning sun, on the scorching line of battle, would be very glad to receive some of the creature comforts of life. He therefore pressed into service some of these stragglers, whom he set to making coffee; then, loading up a couple of wagons, he started with his mule teams for the line of battle.

Ex-President Hayes, who was McKinley's colonel, a quarter of a century after the war wrote his estimate of McKinley in these boyish days when he was a soldier under him:

"Rather more than thirty years ago I first made the acquaintance of Major McKinley. He was then a boy—he had just passed the age of seventeen. He had before that taught school, and was coming from an academy to the camp. He with me entered upon a new, strange life—a soldier's life in the time of actual war.

Young as he was, we soon found that in

business, executive ability, young McKinley was a man of rare capacity, of unusual and unsurpassed capacity, especially for a boy of his age. When battles were fought, or service was to be performed in warlike things, he always took his place. The night was never too dark; the weather was never too cold; there was no sleet, or storm, or hail, or snow, or rain in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty. .

"When I became commander of the regiment he soon came to be upon my staff, and he remained upon my staff for one or two years, so that I did literally know him like a book, and loved him like a brother."

Farther on, in the same address, ex-President Hayes describes McKinley's conduct on the battlefield at Antietam:

"That battle began at daylight. Before daylight men were in the ranks and preparing for it. Without breakfast, without coffee, they went into the fight, and it continued until after the sun had set. Early in the afternoon, naturally enough, with the exertion required of the men, they were famished and thirsty and to some extent broken in spirit. The commissary department of that brigade was under Sergeant McKinley's administration and personal supervision. From his hands every man in the regiment was served with hot coffee and warm meats, a thing that had never occurred

under similar circumstances in any other army in the world. He passed under fire and delivered with his own hands these things so essential for the men for whom he was laboring.

"Coming to Ohio and recovering from wounds, I called upon Governor Tod and told him this incident. With the emphasis that distinguished that great war governor he said, 'Let McKinley be promoted from sergeant to lieutenant,' and, that I might not forget, he requested me to put it upon the roster of the regiment, which I did, and McKinley was promoted. As was the case, perhaps, with very many soldiers, I did not keep a diary regularly from day to day, but I kept notes of what was transpiring. When I knew that I was to come here it occurred to me to open the old notebook of that period and see what it contained, and I found this entry:

"Saturday, December 13, 1862.—Our new second lieutenant, McKinley, returned to-day—an exceedingly bright, intelligent, and gentlemanly young officer. He promises to be one of the best."

"He has kept the promise in every sense of the word."

Another writer has given us a brief but comprehensive picture of the way in which McKinley won his next promotion. It was at the battle of Winchester. The writer says:

"Just now it was discovered that one of the regiments was still in the orchard where posted at the beginning of the battle. General Hayes, turning to Lieutenant McKinley, directed him to go for and bring away this regiment if it had not already fallen. McKinley turned his horse, and, keenly spurring it, pushed it at a fierce gallop obliquely toward the advancing enemy. A sad look came over Hayes's face as he saw this young, gallant boy pushing rapidly forward to almost certain death. McKinley was much loved in the command—a mere boy at the beginning of the war, who had left his college, his expectation for the future, all, everything, willing to serve his country and his flag in their dire need. With wonderful force of character, then, true, pure, noble, and brave, he had, by reason of his ability and wonderful power with men even much older than himself, risen from the ranks to become a noted staff officer; and later was called to the staff of General Crook, and so on up to General Hancock's headquarters; and for his many brave acts and conspicuous gallantry was by President Lincoln brevetted major."

It was in such a school that McKinley passed his youth and climbed upward and onward toward manhood and the noble life he was to live.

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FRANCES WILLARD

FRANCES WILLARD

FRANCES WILLARD, the most famous temperance leader the world has ever known, was born September 28, 1839, in Churchville, Monroe County, N. Y., some fourteen miles from Rochester. A little later the family removed to Oberlin, O., and at the age of three or four her father used to stand her up on a chair and have her sing for guests. Frances remembered in later life that when the father asked her to sing the song was always this:

"They called me blue-eyed Mary when friends and fortune smiled,
But O, how fortunes vary ! I now am sorrow's child.
Kind sir, then take these posies ; they are fading like
my youth,
But never like these roses shall wither Mary's truth."

But the mother was a born reformer, and whenever she stood her daughter up to speak it was a more warlike selection. At ten years of age her favorite recitation began with these lines :

"O sacred Truth ! Thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased like thee to smile.
When leagued oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars."

When Frances was seven years old the family removed to a farm in Wisconsin, and that was the home of the future orator and temperance leader until she was nineteen. There was no railroad, and they put their household goods into canvas-backed prairie schooners, the father driving one, the mother one, and the older brother, Oliver, then twelve years old, driving the third. It took them three weeks to reach their destination.

The spirit of the future early showed itself in the moral attitude of the young girl. One day when the little girls were having a good time out in the woods by the river, three neighbor boys came along hunting for birds' nests. "But you mustn't carry any away!" said the girls, greatly stirred. "You may climb the trees and look, if you want to see the eggs or little ones, but you can't hurt a birdie, big or little, in our pasture." The boys said their mother told them the same thing, and they only wanted to "look," so the girls showed them under the leafy covert some of the brown thrush's housekeeping, and a robin's, too, and then they told them that since they were such kind boys, and didn't want to kill the pretty creatures God had made, and since they had just come West and didn't know all the ways they had out there, they would help them to "drown out a gopher," and the boys might have it if they wanted to.

Two of the boys were greatly delighted, and their eyes fairly danced, but the third, a thoughtful little fellow, got home on the girls very shrewdly by inquiring, "But why do you drown out a gopher? Is that a kind thing to do?" This drew out a long argument from the young girl who, in after days, was to sway the multitudes with her eloquence.

In her *Glimpses of Fifty Years*, Miss Willard has given many interesting pictures of girl life at that day on a Western farm. Here is one:

"Another rich experience that came to my sister and me was following the 'breaking plow' in spring. Just after the prairie fire had done its work, and the great field was black with the carpet it had spread, came the huge plow, three times as large as that generally used, with which the virgin soil was to be turned upward to the sun. Nowadays in the far West, that keeps going farther every year, they use steam plows. Just think of a locomotive out in the boundless prairie, going so fast and far that one wouldn't dare tell how many miles it gets over in a day! But away back in the forties and fifties, so distant from these wonderful eighties in which we live, we thought that nothing could go beyond the huge plow, with steel 'mold-board' so bright that you could see you face in it; 'beam' so long that we two girls could sit upon it for a

ride and have space for half a dozen more; formidable ‘colter’—a sharp, knife-like steel that went before the plowshare to cut the thick sod—and eight great, branch-horned oxen sturdily pulling all this, while one man held the plow by its strong curving handles, and another cracked a whip with lash so long it reached the heads of the head oxen away at the front. As father generally held the plow, and Oliver, who was very kind to animals, the whip, Mary and I used to enjoy running along and balancing ourselves on the great black furrow, as it curved over from the polished mold-board and lay there smooth and even as a plank. Sometimes the plow would run against a snag in the shape of a big ‘redroot;’ for, strange to say, the prairie soil, where no tree was in sight, had roots, sometimes as large as a man’s arm, stretching along under ground. Then would come a cheery ‘Get up, Bill! Halloo there, Bright! Now’s your time, Brindle!’ The great whip would crack above their heads; the giant creatures would bend to the yoke; ‘snap’ would go the redroot and smooth would turn the splendid furrow with home and school and civilization gleaming from its broad face, and happy children skipping, barefooted, along its new-laid floor. These were ‘great times’ indeed! As the sun climbed higher and the day grew warm, we would go to the house, and com-

pound a pail of 'harvest drink,' as father called it, who never permitted any kind of alcoholic liquor in his fields or at his barn-raisings. Water, molasses, and ginger were its ingredients, and the thirsty toilers, taking it from a tin dipper, declared it 'good enough to set before a king.'

"Later on we girls were fitted out with bags of corn, of beans, onion, turnip, or beet seed, which we tied around our waists, as, taking hoe in hand, we helped do the planting, not as work, but 'just for fun,' leaving off whenever we grew tired. We 'rode the horse' for Oliver when he 'cultivated corn;' held trees for father when he planted new ones, which he did by scores each spring; watched him at 'grafting time' and learned about 'scions' and 'seedlings;' had our own little garden beds of flowers and vegetables, and thought no blossoms ever were so fair or dishes so toothsome as those raised by our own hands. Once when I was weeding onions with my father I pulled out, along with the grass, a good-sized snake by the tail, after which I was less diligent in that department of industry. The flower garden was a delight to people for miles around, with its wealth of rare shrubs, roses, tulips, and clambering vines which mother and her daughters trained over the rambling cottage until it looked like some great arbor. I had a seat in the tall black oak near the front gate,

where I could read and write quite hidden from view. I had a box with lid and hinges, fastened beside me, where I kept my sketches and books, whence the 'general public' was warned off by the words painted in large black letters on a board nailed to the tree below: 'The Eagle's Nest, Beware!' Mary had her own smaller tree, near by, similarly fitted up."

While Frances Willard's father was a good man, and a man of intelligence and character, it still remains true that the great personality in that Wisconsin farmhouse was the mother. She was a woman of rare spiritual nature. Frances Willard used to say that her mother's prayers and singing always made her children glad. Frances was afraid of thunder and lightning, and she writes: "In the wild thunderstorms of that new West I was wont to hide my face upon her knee, and say, 'Sing 'Rock of Ages.'" Somehow I was never afraid while mother's soul was lifted up to God."

This rare mother was always looking out for the future for her children. She held them to strict accountability in regard to their manners. Far out on a frontier farm she made her children walk with books upon their head frequently, so as to learn to carry themselves well, and she would go with them through the correct manner of giving and receiving introductions. Sometimes the children would protest and say, "There is nobody to be intro-

duced." The wise mother would reply, with her cheerful smile, "But there will be."

Frances Willard was greatly distressed when her brother Oliver went away to college, and the thing that oppressed her more than anything else was that she could not go and be educated at the same place. As she looked after him through her tears she queried, "Does God want families to be broken up this way? I don't believe he does, and it would be far better for Oliver, and for me, too, if we had gone together."

Frances Willard always said her girlhood ceased the day she was made to put on the feminine clothes which fashion required. The description in her own words is too good for anyone else to undertake to paraphrase it. When she was fifty years of age she wrote about it:

"No girl went through a harder experience than I, when my free, out-of-door life had to cease, and the long skirts and clubbed-up hair spiked with hairpins had to be endured. The half of that downheartedness has never been told and never can be. I always believed that if I had been let alone and allowed as a woman what I had as a girl, a free life in the country, where a human being might grow, body and soul, as a tree grows, I would have been 'ten times more of a person,' every way. Mine was a nature hard to tame, and I cried

long and loud when I found I could never again race and range about with freedom. I had delighted in my short hair and nice round hat, or comfortable ‘Shaker bonnet,’ but now I was to be ‘choked with ribbons’ when I went into the open air the rest of my days. Something like the following was the ‘state of mind’ that I revealed to my journal about this time:

“This is my birthday and the date of my martyrdom. Mother insists that at last I *must* have my hair “done up woman-fashion.” She says she can hardly forgive herself for letting me “run wild” so long. We’ve had a great time over it all, and here I sit like another Samson “shorn of my strength.” That figure won’t do, though, for the greatest trouble with me is that I never shall be shorn again. My “back” hair is twisted up like a corkscrew; I carry eighteen hairpins; my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my hateful new gown. I can never jump over a fence again, so long as I live. As for chasing the sheep, down in the shady pasture, it’s out of the question, and to climb to my “Eagle’s-nest” seat in the big bur oak would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether, I recognize the fact that my “occupation’s gone.”””



